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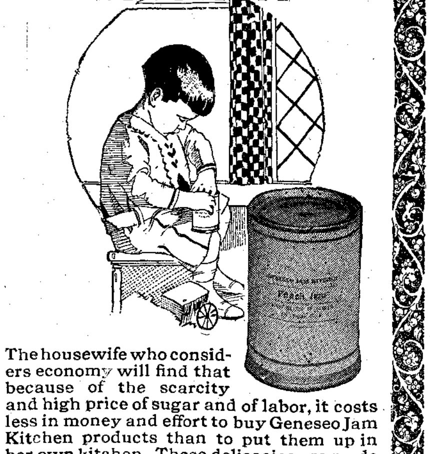

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The Outlook

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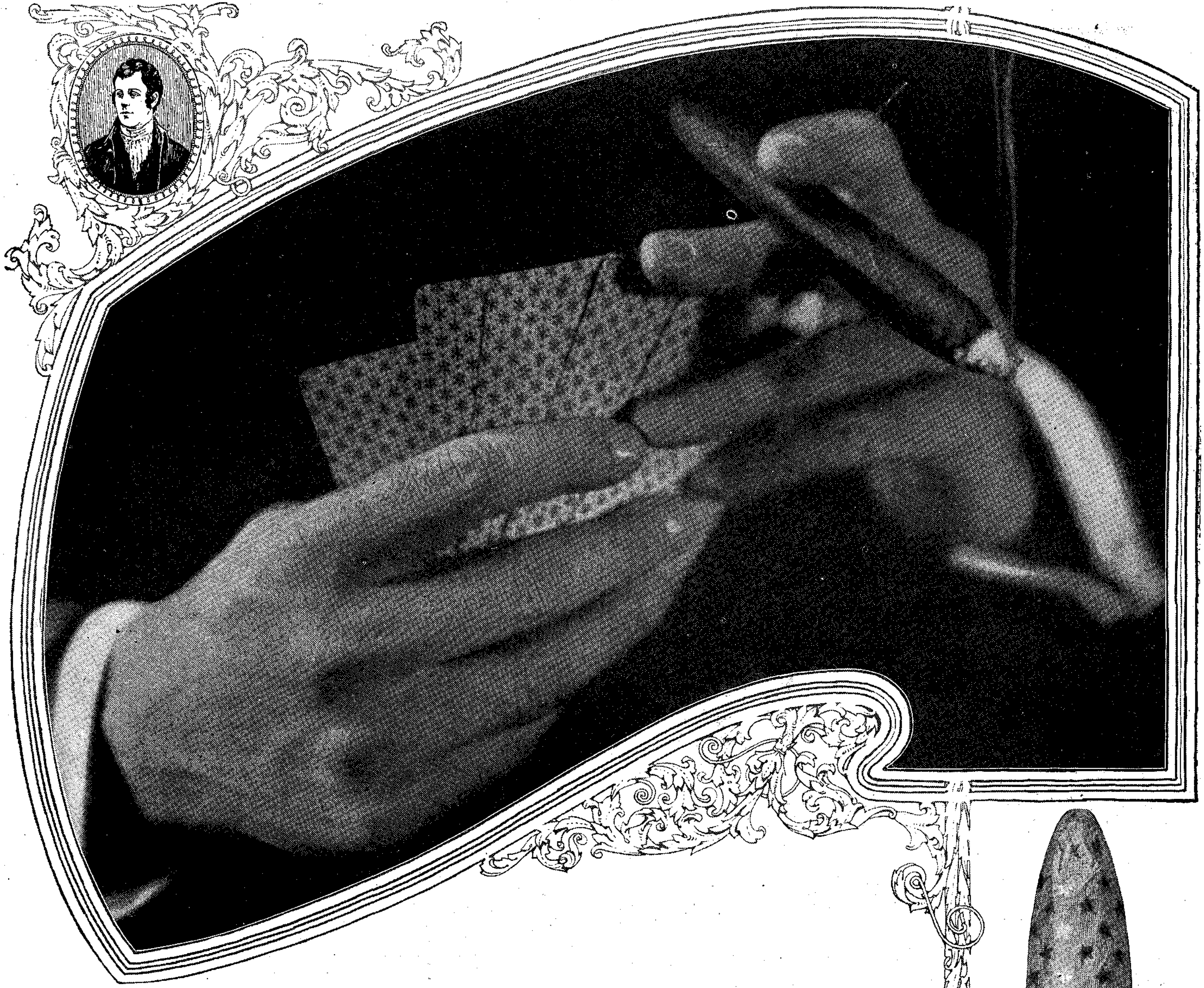

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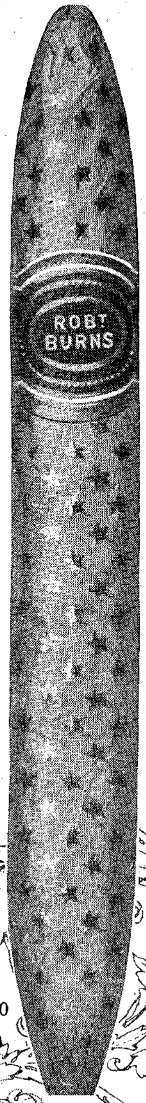

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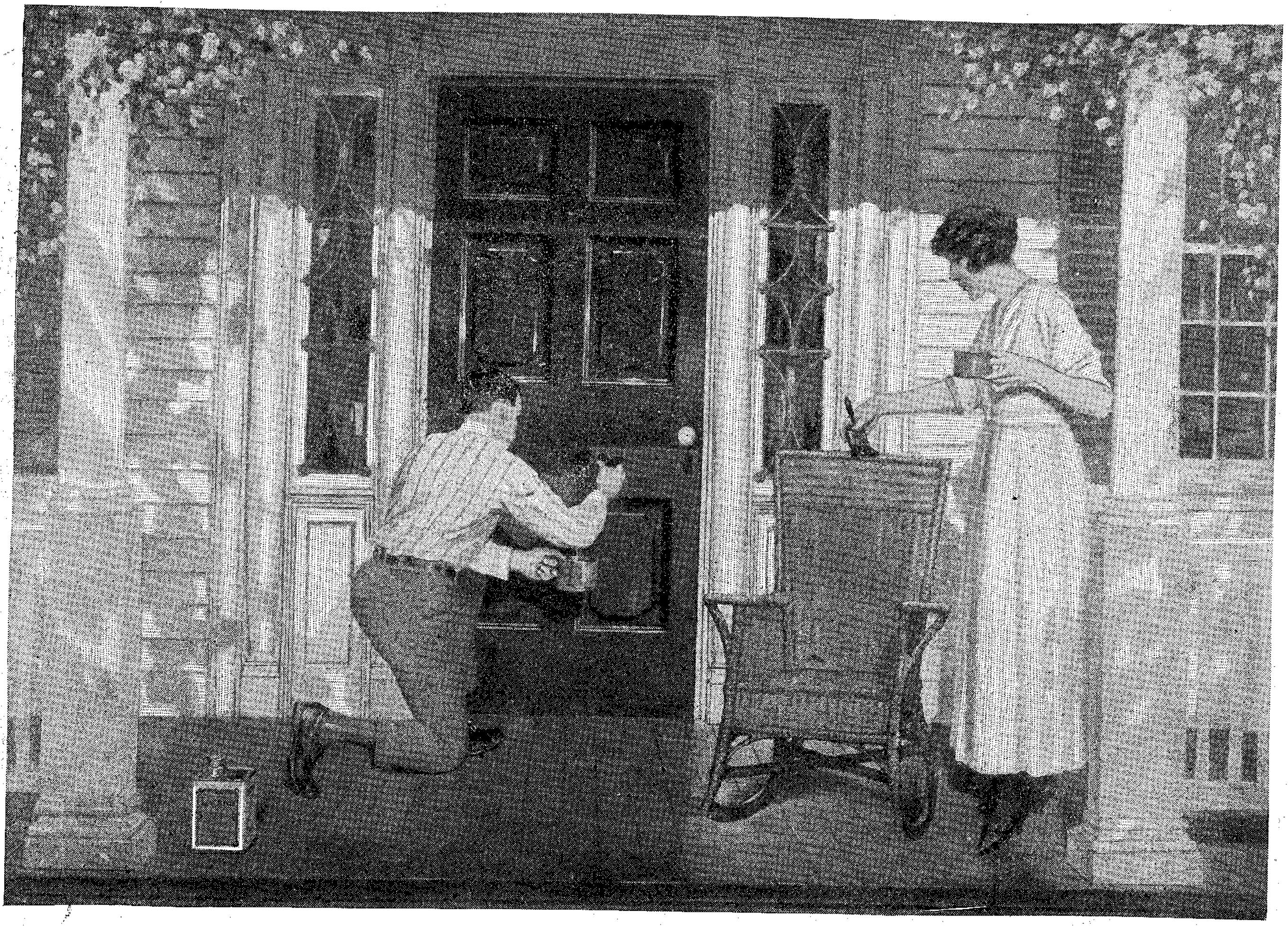

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The Outlook

JUNE 9, 1920

SHALL THE PUBLIC OR THE UNIONS RULE?—AN IMPORTANT DEBATE

"OUR Industrial Relations Court aims to protect labor against capital; capital against labor; and the public against both."

This was perhaps the pithiest statement made by Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, in his debate with Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, in Carnegie Hall, in New York City, on May 28.

Paul Thompson

GOVERNOR HENRY J. ALLEN, OF KANSAS

"The right to stop work is a vital one; no court should be permitted to destroy it. An autocracy to abridge labor's rights must not be instituted in America, when we have fought for and won democracy and liberty in the World War."

This, in essence, was Mr. Gompers's contention.

The issue was fairly joined in the debate and the contestants were fairly matched. Both men were in dead earnest, both were talking from deep-seated conviction, both were able speakers. Mr. Gompers gave the impression of being the more aggressive, Governor Allen (a younger man) of being conciliatory in his attitude and possibly more adroit in his presentation of his case.

Mr. Gompers's encomium on labor unions was an eloquent one. They had, he said, broken up the sweat-shops, abolished child labor, and given shorter hours, better living conditions, and hope and leisure to the working classes. This work must not now be undone, he said, by making criminals of them when they asserted their inalienable right to quit their work for their own advantage.

Governor Allen agreed with much of this encomium, but said that he spoke not as a representative of either labor or capital, but for the general public. He outlined the conditions in Kansas that led to the institution of the Industrial Relations Court—the antagonism between coal miners and operators and the resultant coal famine, leaving schools, hospitals, and homes without fuel in the dead of winter. The Government, he said, has a right to protect its citizens against such a calamity.

"We have not," said Governor Allen, "taken away from any man his divine right to quit work. We have merely taken away from Mr. Gompers his divine right to order a man to quit work." This hit at the essence of autocratic unionism was scarcely met by Mr. Gompers's reply that in his fifty years of activity in organized labor he had himself never ordered a strike.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION

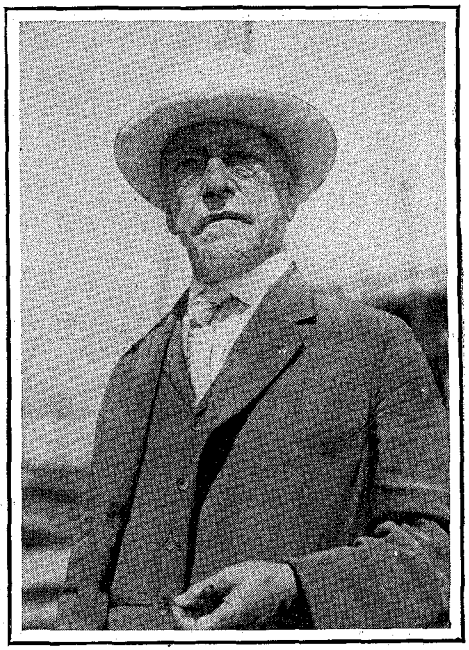
THE most dramatic moment of this significant debate was perhaps when Governor Allen asked Mr. Gompers to answer this question:

"When a dispute between capital and labor brings on a strike affecting the production or distribution of the necessities of life, thus threatening the public peace and impairing the public health, has the public any rights in such a controversy, or is it a private war between capital and labor? If you answer this question in the affirmative, Mr. Gompers, how would you protect the rights of the public?"

This question was dodged by the advocate of unionism. His reply, in effect, was that the importance of strikes was greatly exaggerated; that if the country was really confronted with great disaster or revolution, there might be some significance in the proposed remedy supported by Governor Allen; that there was something worse than strikes—a degraded manhood compelled to labor compulsorily; that the employer always had the advantage in a court controversy, for he could appeal if the decision went against him, while the employees must go back to work as slaves if the decision was against them.

Governor Allen's position was effectively summarized by him in an amusing interlude. "If two men get to fighting at midnight in front of my house and wake me up with their brawl," he said, "I will call the police and send them to jail, not because of the damage they are doing to each other, but because they woke me up."

Not less interesting than the speeches in this intensely serious debate were the audience and their comments. Half of the tickets were issued to Governor Allen and half to Mr. Gompers for distribution. Mr. Gompers's sympathizers apparently responded in much greater force, but a fair hearing was given by them to Governor Allen. In a house that was packed from floor to ceiling hardly a single individual left during the three and a half hours' session—not even while Mr. Gompers was reading a poem on labor as his peroration!



Press Illustrating Service

SAMUEL GOMPERS, LABOR LEADER

The impression left by the debate was that organized labor is indifferent to the public in demanding unrestricted freedom to strike; and that men who take a wider view of the problems of American life are coming to the conviction that the right of organized bodies of men to leave their work must be subordinated to the general welfare by process of law.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTIONS

BEFORE this issue of The Outlook reaches many of our readers the Republicans will have convened in Chicago—June 8 is the opening day of the Convention—to select their Presidential nominee. We give a brief résumé of the situation in which the Convention will begin its deliberations.

In the Republican Convention there

will be 984 members, the membership being somewhat smaller than in the Democratic Convention, because in the latter each State is allowed two delegates for every electoral vote, the electoral vote corresponding with the State's representatives in Congress. Thus each State has four delegates, called delegates-at-large, for the two Senators, while for every Representative in Congress it has two more delegates. Delegates to the Republican Convention are elected in the same way, but with this restriction—by allowing only one delegate to a Congressional district in which less than 7,500 votes were cast for a Republican candidate at the preceding Congressional or Presidential election.

Another striking difference in the two Conventions is found in the voting. The Democrats hold to the unit rule—that is to say, a State casts a solid vote for some one candidate, the vote being according to the majority in the State. Not so the Republicans. Delegates may vote individually. This fairer rule has already caused some commotion among the Democrats; Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady, and Samuel Seabury, ex-Judge of the Court of Appeals, led the fight for adopting the rule in the recent Democratic conference of New York State delegates to the National Convention. They unsuccessfully endeavored to get a resolution passed to the effect that delegates shall not be subject to any unit rule by which the majority may deprive the minority of the opportunity of voting in accord with the will of the constituents. The application of the unit rule in New York State means that Mr. Murphy, the Tammany Boss, may dictate the action of the State delegation.

Another difference between the two Conventions is found in the requirement for a Presidential nomination. Only a majority of votes is required by the Republican Convention, but in the Democratic the candidate must secure two-thirds.

THE END OF THE PRIMARIES

The end of this season's primaries came with the action taken in West Virginia. On the Republican side the contestants for the Presidential nomination were Leonard Wood and Howard Sutherland, the latter United States Senator from West Virginia. Senator Sutherland won by about 10,000 votes over General Wood. In Vermont the State Convention was held following the preceding week's primary. The delegates to the National Convention, though uninstructed, are all openly for Wood. In Texas the Republican State Convention instructed twenty-one of its twenty-three delegates to the National Convention to vote for Johnson. In all three States the Democratic delegates are uninstructed.

(C) Keystone View Co.

JOHN W. DAVIS, WITH MRS. ROBERT LANSING (LEFT) AND MRS. DAVIS (RIGHT)

A summary of the results in the various States shows the number of uninstructed delegates to the Republican Convention to be 529; that to the Democratic Convention exceeds this number.

In instructed delegates Leonard Wood continues in the lead, followed by Senator Johnson, Governor Lowden, and Senator Harding. On the Democratic side, Attorney-General Palmer and Governor Cox, of Ohio, are apparently tied. The popular Democratic vote, however, as reported each week in the "Literary Digest's" poll, indicates that ex-Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo is emphatically in the lead.

A preliminary act of the Republican National Committee occurred on May 31, at Chicago, when the Republican National Committee began its consideration of over one hundred and thirty contests for seats by delegates. These were almost entirely from the Southern States. The most important feature about the hearing was the fact that it was entirely open. The representatives of the press remained throughout and heard the Committee's discussions. This is the first time, so far as we know, that this has happened. Such publicity will lessen any charge that a steam roller has been operated for any candidate.

MR. DAVIS AS A PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE

Over a year and a half ago The Outlook reported a Republican as saying of John William Davis, who had just been appointed American Ambassador at London: "He has force of character and great common sense, . . . charm of manner and speech."

These few words succinctly sum up the impression Mr. Davis makes even upon those who meet him only casually.

The New York "Evening Post" contains a despatch from Mark Sullivan, from which we clip the following:

> One might paint a partial picture of Mr. Davis by saying that he has all of the President's good qualities and none of the qualities that have brought Mr. Wilson to grief. Mr. Davis has almost as much capacity for vision as Mr. Wilson, almost as much capacity for distinguished and graceful public utterance. But Mr. Davis's mind has the advantage of Mr. Wilson's in the fact that his past career, unlike Mr. Wilson's academic one, has compelled him to match his mind against the minds of other lawyers and subjected his arguments to the scrutiny of judges. Mr. Davis's mind is better disciplined, more athletically trained. He can deal in abstractions, but keep his feet firm on a concrete base.

Mr. Davis is a young man; he is only forty-seven years old. He was born in West Virginia and took his B.A. at the Washington and Lee University of Virginia, where later he became Assistant Professor of Law. He lives at Clarksburg, West Virginia, where he was born and where he has practiced law. He has been a member of the West Virginia House of Delegates and was elected to the Sixty-second and Sixty-third Congresses (1911–15). He resigned from Congress to become United States Solicitor-General.

The suggestion of Mr. Davis as a Presidential candidate, now being pushed with great force by the New York "Times," continues to attract favorable attention, particularly among "old-line" Democrats.

THE PRESIDENT VETOES THE KNOX RESOLUTION

As almost everybody foresaw and as we said in The Outlook of last week, the President has vetoed the Knox resolution which declared a separate peace with Germany. In sending in his veto to the House of Representatives the President says:

> I cannot bring myself to become party to an action which would place ineffaceable stain upon the gallantry and honor of the United States.
>
> The resolution seeks to establish peace with the German Empire without exacting from the German Government any action by way of setting right the infinite wrongs which it did to the peoples

> whom it attacked and whom we professed it our purpose to assist when we entered the war. Have we sacrificed the lives of more than 100,000 Americans and ruined the lives of thousands of others and brought upon thousands of American families an unhappiness that can never end for purposes which we do not now care to state or take further steps to attain?
>
> The attainment of these purposes is provided for in the Treaty of Versailles by terms deemed adequate by the leading statesmen and experts of all the great peoples who were associated in the war against Germany. Do we now not care to join in the effort to secure them?

This is only another demonstration hat the President is determined to carry o the country in the coming Presidential ampaign the question of the Treaty of ersailles and the Covenant of the eague of Nations. There is apparently o remedy for the present chaotic condiion of the foreign relations of the Amer- can Government but patient waiting for arch 4, 1921. We do not say this in a artisan spirit. Whatever President is lected next November, whether he be emocratic or Republican, must shape policy with regard to European relaions which will be accepted by the country hrough its representatives in Congress. othing can probably be accomplished n the present deadlock.

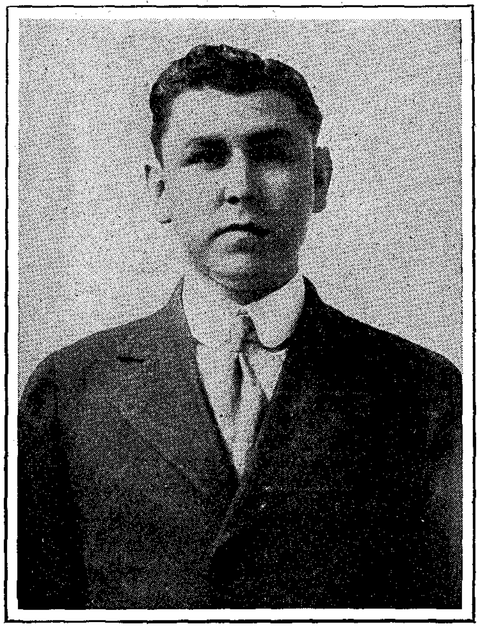
OR A TREATY WITH MEXICO

BEFORE the United States gives its recognition to the revolutionary exican Government now headed by eñor Adolfo de la Huerta as Provisional resident it should obtain a number of mportant assurances in regard to Amer- an special interests in Mexico—at least his is the recommendation of the Subommittee of the Senate Committee on oreign Affairs headed by Senator Fall, f New Mexico. Senator Fall believes hat these assurances should be embodied a new treaty between Mexico and the nited States.

The report of the Fall Committee delares that in ten years 784 Americans ave lost their lives in Mexico or on the order. Assessing the value of these lives dollars and adding the damage to merican property, the report estimates hat the total losses suffered by Amer- ans under the Carranza administration mount to $505,002,434.

The Committee would have the Ameri- an Government demand that provisions Article 130 of the Mexican Constituon of 1917, directed against the activities f American missionaries, preachers, and achers in Mexico, should be nullified, nd that Americans should have full lib- rty to preach, teach, and write in Mexo so long as they do not participate in exican politics or revolutions. The ommittee would also have this country insist that Article 33 should no longer be applied to Americans. This is the article which permits the Mexican Executive to expel from the Republic without judicial process any foreigner whose presence is considered undesirable.

The most important recommendations of the Fall Committee, however, relate to the protection of American property. Among the assurances Senator Fall wants us to get from the *de facto* Government before giving it our recognition are the following:


Bain News Service
ADOLFO DE LA HUERTA, PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF MEXICO

> That none of the provisions of Article 27 of said Constitution with reference to limitations upon rights of property heretofore acquired by Americans, or which may hereafter be acquired, shall apply to Americans except where the limitation is written in the deed, lease, or other instruments of the title, and particularly:
>
> The provision of said article to the effect that the subsoil products other than of metalliferous minerals shall be the property of the National Government of Mexico, to be disposed of by decree or by law, shall not apply to the property of American citizens purchasing from other individuals or from state, national, or municipal authorities of Mexico, unless the limitations or reservations with reference to such subsoil products shall be written in the original deed or other instrument of conveyance transferring the surface of the property to such American purchaser.
>
> That the prohibition against the ownership of property in lands, waters, or their appurtenances, or against the concessions for the development of mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic to foreigners, shall not apply to American citizens.

When the necessary assurances have been received and embodied in a treaty, our Senate Sub-Committee would have this country extend to Mexico "not only moral support, but financial aid without stint" for the rehabilitation of Mexican railways and important industries and for the re-establishment of a national Mexican army and constabulary for the maintenance of order.

It is a question whether Senator Fall's Committee has not gone somewhat too far in its conclusions as to the extent to which it is legitimate for us to demand that Mexico should revise her laws relating to foreigners. We cannot be sure on this point before seeing the complete text of the Committee's report. The recommendation that we should help Mexico "without stint," once proper assurances have been received, however, deserves all commendation. Mexico cannot stand without foreign support. That support ought to be American.

FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICA'S DEAD

AN impressive feature of Memorial Day was the extent and fine spirit of its observance in France in honor of the thousands of American soldiers who rest in France's beautiful and scrupulously cared for cemeteries. As one reads the accounts the feeling grows that the fitting thing is that these Americans, who died for France as well as their own land, should rest undisturbed.

In scores of places back of the battle-line that reached from the sea to Switzerland such ceremonies took place. The observance was both official and personal, for thousands of wreaths were laid on the graves of our dead by individual French men, women, and children as a spontaneous and personal mark of love and honor. The inscription on the wreath sent by a society of descendants of men who fought for American independence expressed the spirit of the day; it read, "To Americans who have fallen in France for the liberty of the world."

At the Suresnes Cemetery, near Paris, lie twenty-one thousand American soldiers and sailors, and there stands a striking statue of the American "doughboy." Our Ambassador, Mr. Wallace, was present, and General Pétain spoke with deep feeling. Of our soldiers he said:

> They are not resting as strangers in a strange land, these soldiers of liberty sent overseas at a moment when the fate of the world was at stake and toward whom the heart of France turns gratefully to-day. These tombs will be forever watched over with the same pious care as that which our country gives her own children.
>
> Brothers in arms, sharers of one common glory, one common sacrifice, I salute you as heroes whose young days found here the end of their work. In acclaiming you I voice the sentiments of my whole country, victorious and forever grateful.

In England also special services were held in churches and at American graves—twenty-five hundred of our men are buried in and near London. Dean Car-

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IN THE ROMAGNE CEMETERY IN FRANCE, WHERE AMERICAN SOLDIERS FALLEN IN THE WAR REST

negie, of Westminster Abbey, voiced English feeling when he expressed the conviction that their unity in honoring those who had fallen betokened a maintenance and strengthening of the friendship between the two peoples to which “those we reverence to-day paid such glorious testimony.”

Naturally, in this country, while the Civil War heroes were honored and remembered and the thin lines of the survivors of the war for National unity were greeted with reverence, there was strong emphasis on the memory of the heroes of the World War for freedom. Thus in New York City for the first time soldiers of foreign armies—Italian, British, and French (some six hundred French veterans of the Great War live in the city)—took a prominent part in the ceremonies. There was an international character in the great parade of ten thousand men, for the banners of the four great Allied nations were borne side by side.

PHYSICAL TRAINING

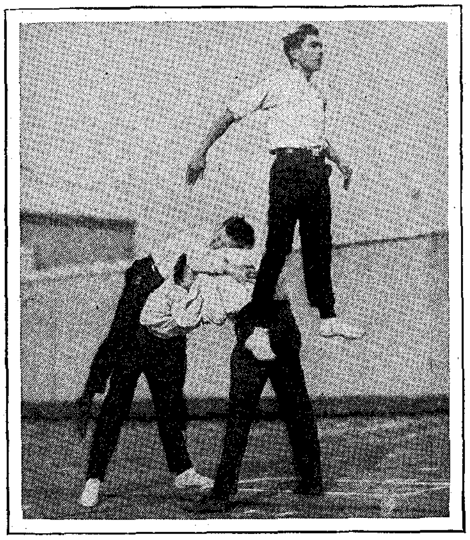
THEODORE ROOSEVELT invented the term “Chinafy” to describe the process of national decay. How long would it take us to become “Chinafied” if our boys are allowed to develop into inefficient men? And yet do we realize that half of the pupils in our schools are suffering from bodily defects? Do we remember the large percentage of our young men drafted in the war who were unable to pass the physical tests, namely:

> The registrant must be able to see well.
>
> He must have comparatively good hearing.
>
> His heart must be able to stand the test of physical exertion.
>
> He must be able to transport himself by walking as the exigencies of military life may demand.

These four things are just as necessary for men in civil life as for men in military life. They are just as necessary for the girl or woman in business or the home as they are for the men.

The various States are alive to the situation; seventeen already have compulsory physical education laws; in other States the movement is advancing. But this is not enough. It is only by the joint use of State and Federal powers that all our people will attain a higher standard of physical education.

Accordingly the Fess-Capper Bill is now being considered by Congress. It establishes a Nation-wide programme for physical education. It provides an opportunity for every child from six to eighteen years old to have a periodic health examination, instruction in the principles of healthful living, and training in thos physical activities which promote a hig degree of resistance to disease. Eac State must establish a system of physica education as well as training courses fo prospective teachers. These requirement met, the bill would make an initial appropriation of $10,000,000 to the States fo such purposes, provided that each Stat appropriate an amount equal to the Federal fund received. We hope the bill wil pass, but at this juncture, with the necessity for economy, only a strong popula sentiment can push through any measur in Congress which asks for Federal funds Further information regarding the subject may be obtained from the Nationa Physical Education Service, Homer Building, Thirteenth and F Streets, Washington, D. C.



CAUGHT IN MID-AIR: A JUMP FOR HEALTH

GOOD WORK IN AMERICANIZATION

THERE is perhaps some danger tha the word “Americanization,” lik the word “patriotism,” may be overworked. We are not sure but that some o those who need most to be Americanize are Americans whose ancestors have live in this country for generations. There is however, a way of carrying on an Americanization campaign in a human an attractive fashion. The Rotary Club, o New York, has set a good example i this respect. It has a boys' committee whose object is to help the public schoo boys of this city to become acquainte with the civic privileges and obligation which will come to them when they reac voting age. The Club, a few months ag as a result of this boys' committee work offered prizes to public school boys i New York City for two essays; one “Why the Foreign Born Should Becom American Citizens,” to be written b high school boys; the other, “My Idea of an American Citizen,” to be writte by boys in the intermediate school.

The public school authorities cooperated in the undertaking with interest, and the result was that two thousand essays were submitted by pupils i twenty-nine of the intermediate and hig schools of the city. The teaching officer of each school selected the best essay submitted in the school, and these twenty-nine essays were carefully read and considered and the grand prize winner o each school decided upon. The judge were Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Lawrence F. Abbot of The Outlook. The contest was concluded by a luncheon given by the Rotar Club, and attended by two or three hundred of its members, at which the twenty-nine essayists were guests of honor an the two prize essays were read by thei authors. It is interesting to note that th winner in the high school contest, Raymond Wilson, was born in New York, and his paternal ancestors have lived in America for a hundred years, while the winner in the intermediate school contest, Isadore Goldenbaum, was born in Jerusalem. What better example of Americanism could there be than that!

The two grand prize essayists received twenty-five dollars in gold, and each one of the others in the group of twenty-nine received five dollars each, the presentation being made, as the President of the club said, like a citation for gallantry on the battlefield. Not only did the twenty-nine schoolboys who attended this luncheon receive some impulse toward higher American ideals, but every one of the men who participated had their Americanism quickened and strengthened. We offer our congratulations to the New York Rotary Club for this excellent piece of work, and venture to express the hope that the Rotary Clubs all over the country—these clubs having become a very live and typical American institution—will take up the idea and carry it forward.

RELIGIOUS CONVENTIONS

Two great religious conventions have just taken place—the Methodist Conference, at Des Moines, and the Presbyterian General Assembly, at Philadelphia.

Two outstanding features marked the Methodist meeting—the address by Henry P. Davison, already reported in these columns, and the action of the Conference in refusing to lift the ban on dancing, games of chance, theater-going, etc. Methodist liberals had been hoping that the restrictions regarding amusements could be modified.

Five particular features marked the Presbyterian meeting. One was the approval of the Presbyterian plan of union. Another was a withdrawal from the Inter-Church Movement as at present constituted. Another was a proposal, urged by William J. Bryan but not finally acted upon, that women be permitted to hold the position of elder. Another was a resolution concerning the League of Nations. It reads in part:

> We importunely urge all the friends of the League of Nations in Washington speedily to compose their differences and find a *via media* between fifteen reservations and no reservations at all, and to rescue our country from the pungent disgrace of seeing the League of Nations a growing and functioning body, made up already of thirty-five or more nations, while America, which did so much to create it, is lined up outside, along with Germany, Russia, Turkey, and Mexico, nations deemed unworthy as yet of membership.

Finally, the following resolution, which we quote in part, was adopted with much enthusiasm and was ordered cabled to the Presbyterian Church in Ireland:

> Whereas, We had a visit during the months of December and January by a delegation of ministers and laymen representing the Protestant churches of Ireland, and . . . heard a true statement of the religious and political condition of that land; . . .
>
> Therefore, be it resolved:
>
> That the General Assembly expresses sympathy with the Protestant people in the resistance they are offering to that which threatens their freedom and is in danger of leading to widespread persecution.
>
> That we call upon our American people to . . . refuse to contribute to the cause of Irish freedom, to remember that Protestant Ireland is asking for nothing but to be let alone; and we request every one to make thorough personal investigation before giving moral or material support to that which pretends to be an effort to make Ireland free.
>
> That this General Assembly shall communicate to the Presbyterian Church in Ireland our . . . joy in the steadfastness of the faith and the courage and sanity of their attitude in these days of trial.

Western Newspaper Union

NEWLY ELECTED BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

In the top row, left to right: M. W. Clair, E. L. Waldorf, G. H. Bickley, E. G. Richardson, L. J. Birney, Anton Bast, C. L. Meade. Bottom row, left to right: F. T. Kenney, R. E. Jones, Edgar Blake, C. W. Burns, C. E. Locke, Fred B. Fisher, and H. L. Smith. Photo taken at Des Moines, Iowa

ANOTHER HETCH-HETCHY?

The Yellowstone National Park is perhaps the greatest natural reservation in the world. It includes both unreplaceable wonders and vast and inspiring landscapes. It is the home of the moose and other game animals. It is a great National playground. Its recreational opportunities for the average man, woman, and child are enormous.

It is now proposed to use the Park for a purpose not contemplated when it was set aside as a National Park.

Some time ago about a third of the Yosemite National Park was lost through a far more defensible water-supply plan than the plans now suggested for commercializing the Yellowstone National Park.

One plan would grant "irrigation easements" in the Park, namely, the right to construct reservoirs and lay down pipe lines.

Another would increase and steady the flow of the Yellowstone River into Yellowstone Lake so that lands in Montana may be benefited thereby.

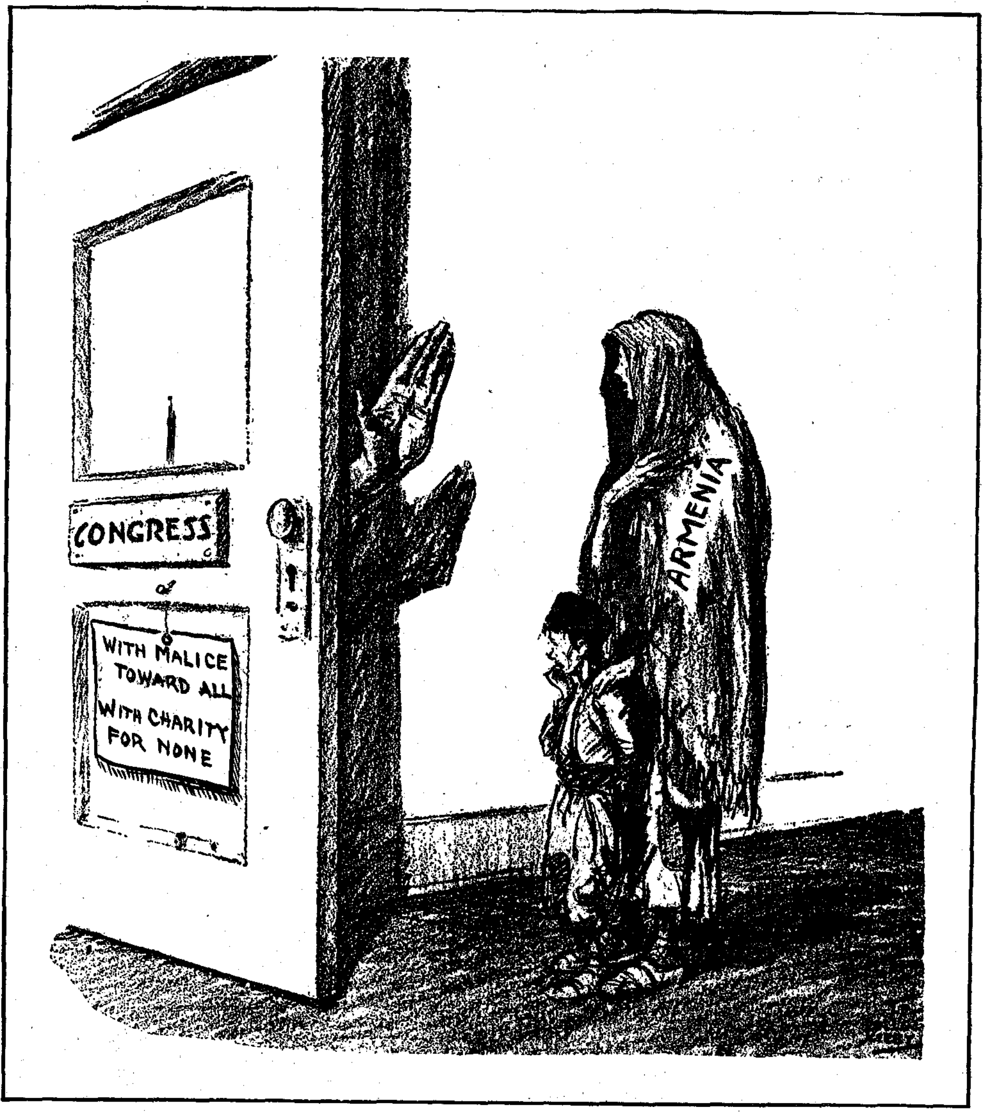
The third plan, working in conjunction with the second, proposes to draw water from the lake to the south instead of to the north, through flumes and tunnels, so as to benefit the farmers of Idaho.

In the eyes of its proponents no one of these schemes will injure the scenic beauty of the Park. Not so in the eyes of scenic lovers; yet they are called "luxury-loving people who would deprive the poor farmer of his opportunity." Nevertheless they persist in protesting that, while it is perfectly proper to study any utilitarian use, all the National parks, and particularly the Yellowstone, should be retained for the purposes for which they were set aside.

A small portion of the population of Idaho and Montana, totaling probably less than fifty thousand people, would benefit by the commercialization of the waters of the Yellowstone, which belongs to the hundred-odd millions of us. The farmers' work can hardly be called public work. They are farming for profit. Why should they have any of our park property? When this query was made the other day, a Congressman, representing the farmers, indignantly retorted that, so far as he was concerned, he would agree to no more National park appropriations unless the waters of the parks are made subject to irrigation use, and that as a primary use!

The Outlook appreciates the necessity of expanding our farming area by developing water resources. It would, however, raise the broad question as to whether a National park is only a National reserve to be used by purely local and selfish interests whenever they need it, or whether it is a purely National park, set aside permanently for the benefit of all the people of these United States and to be developed only by the people's representatives for the benefit of all the people. The present Secretary of the Interior has already answered the question. He says: "It is not safe to encroach upon the National parks for any commercial purposes."

Kirby in the New York World


CONGRESS
WITH MALICE TOWARD ALL WITH CHARITY FOR NONE
ARMENIA

GO AWAY!

DEPLORABLE BUT INEVITABLE

THE Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, which under the present circumstances means the Senate itself, has declined to grant the President authority to establish an American mandate over Armenia. To those who are sensitive about American honor, who desire to have America play a useful and helpful part in the regeneration of the Near East, and on whom the tragic sufferings of eastern Europe and Armenia have made a terrible impression, this refusal of the Senate is deplorable. But a moment's thought makes it appear inevitable.

The twelve months' conflict between the President and the Senate has produced a deadlock in the Government and apathy among the people. Americans are not callous to human suffering, but they are everywhere asking themselves, Can an Administration which has proved itself incapable of dealing successfully with our own problems—the problems of labor, of the high cost of living, of transportation—be trusted to administer the chaotic affairs of a people five thousand miles away?

President Wilson's idea of a League of Nations has more and more disclosed itself as a political rather than an economic and social idea. The vast majority of Americans desire to see an end of war; they desire to see National and international industry put on its feet; they want to re-establish human and commercial relations with the rest of the world; but they do not want to mix in foreign politics. They have sufficient political troubles of their own. They were willing to fight, and they did fight, to prevent Prussian despotism from enslaving the world. They have not, however, the slightest interest in fighting about the boundaries of Syria or Mesopotamia or Persia or Jugoslavia or Poland or even Armenia. They would have ratified the Treaty of Peace and would have joined a League of Nations in which their freedom from European political responsibilities was made distinctly understood. But President Wilson will have none of it. He insists that the Covenant of the League of Nations must be accepted as a political constitution or not accepted at all.

This is a painful and depressing situation, but it is the fact, and it does no good to hide it or ignore it. In our judgment, there can be no relief from it until a new President is inaugurated at Washington who can co-operate with the American people in finding some way by which their sympathies and resources and administrative capacity can be organized for the work of industrial reconstruction in eastern Europe, and the establishment on a firm basis of international law. Americans did this kind of work in the Belgian Relief Commission under Mr. Hoover and in the regeneration and upbuilding of Cuba under General Wood. They are ready to do it again in Armenia and Poland and Czechoslovakia under the right leadership. A plan for such leadership of an economic and non-political nature has been proposed by Mr. H. P. Davison, Chairman of the International Red Cross League. It has been briefly reported in these pages and deserves the most careful consideration by Congress.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS

THE investigation at Washington has brought definitely into public view the fact that large sums of money have been spent in the primary campaigns of various Presidential candidates. But in all fairness it must be said that the various committees which have raised and spent these moneys have made no attempt to conceal their financial transactions, that the investigation has produced no proof and scarcely even a charge of financial corruption, and that the sums acknowledged by the various campaign managers, while actually large, are relatively small when compared to the vast corruption funds employed in the, let us hope, bygone days when voters were bought in blocks of five. In those days big business contributed with equal generosity to the campaign funds of competing candidates and opposing political parties, and, of course, expected its *quid pro quo*, whoever was elected.

Under the primary system the theory is that each candidate, or his friends and advocates, shall communicate to the voters what are believed to be his qualifications for the office and the principles which he will follow if elected.

General Wood's managers, for example, have frankly acknowledged that in this work they have spent over half a million dollars. This seems at first blush like a dangerously large sum. But a simple calculation shows how inadequate even so large an amount is to carry on a campaign of legitimate political education.

There are about thirty million potential Presidential voters in the United States. The cost for postage, paper, envelope, and clerical work of a single personal letter is about five cents. To send one communication to every possible voter would therefore mean the expenditure of a million and a half dollars. Certainly it does not seem illegitimate for the supporters of a candidate, if they can raise the money, to write a letter at least once n a campaign to every voter.

The real question is: Shall we maintain the primary system in which the candidates, in an open and aboveboard ashion, attempt to get in personal touch with each voter, or shall we return to the ld system of hand-picked candidates upported by gum-shoe methods and by money quietly placed where it will do the most good?

Certainly the principles that underlie orrupt practices acts should be applied to primary campaigns as well as to elections. But if we are to have the primary ystem at all the voter must depend upon he voluntary, not always accurate and ften partisan, information supplied by the newspapers or upon the facts furished by the candidates themselves, which ecessarily involves a large although legitnate expenditure of money.

A PLEA FOR GENTLENESS

NOT so very long ago there was an attempt to bring into vogue a blood-and-iron type of fiction. The so-called manly novel, dealing with primitive human passions, had its little hour. Raw meat was fashionable for a month or two and the delicacies of life were discarded until one almost feared to mention so frail a thing as the moon. Unless a story dealt with glorified battles in the desert or the hardships of long, bleak journeys in the face of danger it was thought to be effeminate. To say that one still cared for beautiful romantic fiction, for the quiet charm of a writer like Jane Austen, was to label one's self a fool and bring down ridicule on one's unfortunate head.

To be rough and uncouth was to be considered splendid. The little graces should be forgotten. They were old-fashioned, even discreditable. Only muscularity amounted to anything; only bombast and definite toughness counted.

There is more than one kind of *poseur*. The pianist who refuses to cut his flowing locks may be a person consciously straining for an effect; but so is the man who refuses to shave because he holds that it is ladylike to be well groomed.

Why should vulgarity *per se* be thought masculine? By what process of reasoning does a man with a blatant voice come to believe that he is of the stuff the world admires most? If coarseness is a prerogative of the superman, then a girl who is a simpering, lackadaisical fool is the last word in femininity and epitomizes the highest type of womanhood.

The fellow who thinks he is a thorough man only when he is in his shirt-sleeves is the same who contends that every one rich is wrong and every one poor is right. As though it were an offense to toil and save so that one may enjoy the refinements that serve to make life just that much more bearable, that much more worth living! As if the wretched poverty that refuses to try to turn itself into anything better were admirable! Heaven knows there is a kind of wealth that is contemptible; and there is a poverty that ensnares the weak which it breaks the heart to see. But there are also men who are good in spite of their riches, and poor men who are miserable specimens, not because they are poor, but because they are intrinsically worthless and would be equally worthless with a million dollars in the bank.

To like clean linen, when you have earned it, is no sin; to envy it, yet not to be willing to earn it, is the sin. To be "nice" is not to be girlish; just as to be brutal is not to be masculine. The noblest men have always been the kindest, with enough of the woman in them to balance the crudities of the stronger sex. The very word "gentleman" should explain its meaning.

Those who believe that to be gentle and polished is to be emasculated have only to remember the Great War to see in what error they are. Poets, artists of all kinds, those frail spirits who abominated destruction, whose every sensibility revolted against the new terror in the world, went gladly and bravely and proudly into the thick of the fight. And there is many a lonely grave in France to-day sacred to some gentle soul who gave all he had to the great cause; while, conversely, prize-fighters were tried for evading the draft.

No, the low-voiced are not necessarily afraid of life. A gentleman is one who can face any situation without faltering; and many a heavyweight physically has proved the most arrant coward when a real crisis came.

But here we are perhaps getting a bit noisy over our little plea for more gentleness—which is just what we should not do!

THE CHURCH AND THE EUROPEAN WAR

THERE were many critics who felt during the European War that the Christian Church, especially in Germany, fell very far short of exercising the humanitarian and fraternal influence that might have been expected of it in softening international antagonisms. here has recently come to the notice of The Outlook a story of another and better phase of the Church—an encouraging stance of what Christian fellowship can do through the Church even among belgerents. The story was told to a member of the staff of The Outlook by the t. Rev. Herbert Bury, the English ishop of North and Central Europe, who now visiting the United States. It is worth repeating in the Bishop's own words:

"We have always had," he said, "an annual conference for the Anglican clergy and laity, choosing some capital or well-known city in Europe as the place of meeting, until the war came, when of course such gatherings became impossible. My first was at Munich, under especially interesting circumstances. Our old church there was a very humble little room until 1911. Early in that year, the City Council, although composed of Roman Catholics, gave us a good site, worth at least three thousand pounds sterling. I laid the foundation stone in the summer, with the Ober-Bürgermeister and his fellow-councilors present. It was a quite wonderful service, and in the evening they entertained us all at an Abend-Fest.

"Again in 1914 we had our conference in the same capital, and I then consecrated the very beautiful church that had been built in the meantime. Once more, the Ober-Bürgermeister, wearing his chain of office, and his fellow-officials attended the consecration service, with many of their fellow-citizens, and again also they entertained us at an Abend-Fest, never to be forgotten, in the old Rathaus. This was in May, 1914, just a short time before the war, and it is difficult to describe the warmth of the sentiments then expressed. I was particularly moved, and in replying to the speeches delivered, said: 'This is a unique occasion, when all the hosts are of one nationality and all the guests of another, none too friendly, I fear, and all the hosts of one church and the guests of another, not in communion with each other, and yet we can all feel we are meeting together as real friends. Does it not suggest to you, my brothers, that in nationality at its purest and religion in its most spiritual form we have influences at work drawing mankind together and not, as seems so often to be the case, thrusting them more widely apart?' None of us English clergy will forget the cheering and applause which followed.

"Well, the time passed on, the war came, and British communities vanished from Germany. In 1915, however, the Ober-Bürgermeister wrote to me, and, after saying that he did not know whether his letter would be welcome to one who must now regard him as an enemy, he could not forget the speeches delivered in May before the war, in their old Rathaus, and he therefore wrote to tell me that all Munich was filled with stories of the ill treatment of German prisoners in our British places of imprisonment. He stated, for instance, that Franz Ragaller, the son of their most esteemed city councilor, who had been a great friend to the British, was said to be in the Isle of Man, in a cellar where the light of day never came, on a filthy and evil-smelling bed, and where he had not enough to eat. He asked if this could possibly be true, and, if it were, if I would not intercede. It so happened, though he did not know it, that our War Office had by that time asked me to take charge of all the social and religious work in our British camps for our prisoners of war, and I had four German pastors of the Lutheran State Church at work under me for this purpose. I summoned one of them, Pastor Goehling, who was a graduate of Berlin and a very excellent clergyman, and gave him the Ober-Bürgermeister's letter, asking him to go at once to the Isle of Man, inquire for Franz Ragaller, take down his statement, and bring it back to me. I added: 'Of course you know as well as I do that all these stories are false; but I want you, a German, to take down the statement of your fellow-countryman in German, and it shall go to the Ober-Bürgermeister, and no Englishman shall touch it.'

"I need hardly say—for indeed we have a clean sheet with which to face the whole world with respect to our treatment of prisoners of war—that Franz Ragaller was very indignant, and said that he had always been extremely well treated.

"The Ober-Bürgermeister, on receiving this letter, published it in the 'Münchener Neueste Nachrichten' over his own signature, and added, significantly: 'No doubt other things that we are told about Great Britain's treatment of her prisoners and other similar things are equally false.'

"After this time, whenever he heard anything to our discredit, he wrote at once to me, and, on receiving my explanation, published it in the press. As he was, and is, one of the most respected men in Germany, this had a great effect upon German public opinion.

"The Berlin Government, although we had four German clergymen at work in Great Britain, persistently refused to allow us to have any one for British prisoners in their country, except our one hard-worked clergyman who conducted the services throughout the war in the English Church in Berlin. The Kaiser had said that his mother's church must not be closed if the chaplain remained to conduct its services. It was the only English church allowed open in Germany during the war.

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BURY

"In 1916, after this proof of the Ober-Bürgermeister's fairness and sense of justice, I ventured to ask him if he would not use his influence on our behalf for British prisoners of war in Germany, and told him how gladly I would go myself if I could only get the permission. He made the application, the permission was granted, and with the full authority of our own Government, taking a message from the King and Queen and traveling on my British passport, I was allowed to go and visit our British prisoners in Germany, the only Englishman to whom this privilege was granted in the course of the war.

"While in the neighborhood of Berlin I was officially received by the Prisoners of War Department of the War Office, and the Ober-Bürgermeister of Munich traveled all night to be present also. In his presence I asked the question: 'Is it true that for two years at least no newspaper of any repute in Germany has reflected upon our treatment of our prisoners of war?' General Friedrich at once replied: 'It is perfectly true, and we are very grateful for Great Britain's quite fair treatment of her German prisoners.'

"I need hardly say what a tremendous privilege I felt it to be to visit my interned fellow-countrymen in Ruehleben and officers in their imprisonment. All this I owe, in the first instance, to our chaplain in Munich, whose work so commended itself so far outside his own little community as to gain the consideration and appreciation of the whole city, bringing me and my chaplains also into touch with them. Surely it is some gain to those who put their common humanity first, and also their common religion—for, as was said at Munich by a very devout Roman Catholic, 'There is but one Church, that of the Redeemer'—to know that all through the war an English Bishop and a German Ober-Bürgermeister could act together for the amelioration of prisoners' unhappy lot; but it will explain to you, I hope and trust, the very broad lines on which both Bishop and clergy act and minister in this large jurisdiction of Northern and Central Europe.

"My American friends in Paris particularly urged me for this reason to come over to the States and plead the cause of my stricken diocesan funds, and I am now asking for that help, not, I feel, for my own Church alone, but for the cause of civilization and humanity and for the advance of the kingdom of God. The religious possibilities are quite unique just now in Europe, extending even beyond the boundaries of the Christian Church, and I am more anxious than I can say that I and my clergy should get clear, if we can this year, from the financial difficulties that the war has entailed upon us, and devote ourselves to taking every advantage that we can of these great possibilities. The sum of $25,000 does not seem a large one to raise, and I may just mention to you that I have felt the need so urgent myself that I have not taken one farthing of my own episcopal income during the war, but have given it to the fund, and shall continue to do so until it is completed."

No one can read Bishop Bury's story without being convinced that the Church of England is doing a most useful as well as a unique work in North and Central Europe. The sum, $25,000, which Bishop Bury hopes to raise is a modest one, although it may accomplish very far-reaching results. It should be remembered also that all through the thirteen countries which form the jurisdiction, the Bishop and his chaplains minister to Americans as to their own countrymen, to all denominations, who have just that one church in which a service is conducted in English. The resident chaplain, it is well known, is the friend of all. Contributions may be sent to the Rt. Rev. Herbert Bury, care of the Rt. Rev. Charles S. Burch, Bishop of New York, Synod House, Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Tenth Street, New York City.

CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM OUTLOOK READERS

(See offer on page 296)

From O. H. Clark, Jr., Colorado Springs, Col

MR AND MRS. WILLIAM G. McADOO IN VACATION LAND

Mr. and Mrs. McAdoo, our informant states, have been spending a thirty-day vacation in the Rocky Mountains, motoring, riding horseback, playing golf, and having a general good time—in fact, in the ex-Secretary's own words, not planning to discuss business or politics until the middle of June, his watchword at present being "a capitalized Play." This photograph was taken on the veranda of a hotel in Colorado Springs, Colorado

From Mary L. Craig, Washington, D. C.

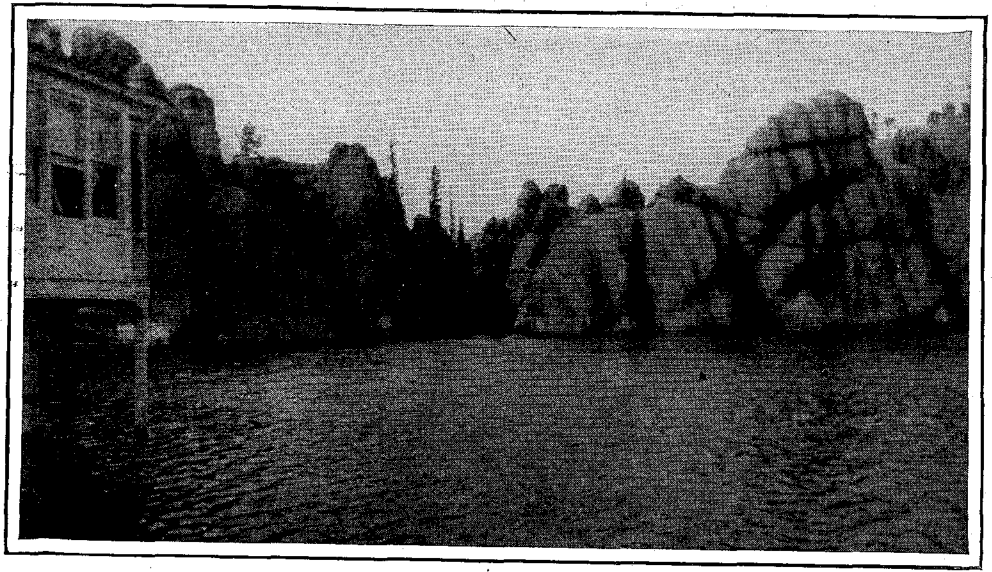
MARK TWAIN'S MOTHER

Anything concerning Mark Twain is always a "current event" with the American public. Above is a picture that very much concerns him, for it is a photograph of his mother, to whom we are no doubt indebted for much of her famous son's genius. Our subscriber writes: "Some years ago, in Keokuk, Iowa, Mrs. Clemens gave me this photograph of herself. She was past eighty, but very bright and witty. She spoke of 'Sam' as disliking school, but always making the boys laugh. She frequently said to me, 'He was always good to his mother'"

From C. M. Campbell, Phœnix, British Columbia, Canada

AN OLD-TIME FORT OF THE HUDSON BAY REGION

The picture shows a portion of Fort Prince of Wales, in Churchill, northern Manitoba. This was the headquarters for many years of the Hudson's Bay Company, which is celebrating this year its 250th anniversary. The fort was built between the years 1733 and 1747, and ranked with the leading fortresses of the New World. It is 312 feet square and the walls are 42 feet thick. They are surmounted by a parapet with 40 openings for large guns, some of which can still be seen on the ramparts. In 1782, while Samuel Hearne was Governor, the fort was surprised by a French expedition under Admiral La Perouse and captured. After partly demolishing the fort the victors returned to France, with Hearne as prisoner



From Myrtle Otis, Farmingdale, South Dakota

A GLIMPSE OF BLACK HILLS SCENERY—A REGION BELOVED BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This is a view of Sylvan Lake, which is near the summit of Harney Peak, the highest point in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Harney Peak is 7,216 feet in height. The Black Hills region was first explored by General Custer, in 1874, when gold was discovered. The region afterwards proved to be one of the richest gold producing sections of the United States; it has yielded over $100,000,000 of the precious metal. Deadwood was one of the famous towns of the Black Hills. In his early days as a rancher Mr. Roosevelt was familiar with this region and wrote much about it, as readers of his reminiscences will remember

DAD 'N' ME

BY STUART N. LAKE

I

A youngster's 'mighty lucky
If he's got a fishin' dad;
The fun I used to have with mine
Was the best I ever had,
When the sundown called the music
From the bullfrog's husky throat
And we were trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottom'd boat.

II

We always used a hand-line
With a whirlin' silver spoon,
And we both took turns at rowin'
Till the risin' summer moon
Her warnin' of the nightfall
With her silver pencil wrote,
And we'd quit trollin' pick'rel
In the old, flat-bottom'd boat.

III

In the dusk of early ev'nin'
Fish 'll strike a shinin' bait.
Droppin' softly down slow water
We would lure 'em to their fate,
Pilin' up a feast for breakfast
Worth a twenty-dollar note
By just a-trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottom'd boat.

IV

So I'm goin' back this summer
To the fun I can't forget,
And when the shadows lengthen
'Cross the old mill-pond, you bet
We'll be droppin' down the river,
Past the lily fronds we'll float—
Dad 'n' me a-trollin' pick'rel
In an old, flat-bottom'd boat.

A EUROPEAN TOUR THIS YEAR

BY ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

SEVEN years ago I went to Europe without needing a passport and with a $50 passage on a one-class steamer of a first-class line. This year I should have to pay $200 on an inferior line and spend many days in getting a passport, including those side-issues of a "portrait without a hat," birth certificate, proof of income-tax payment, and, finally, visés from the consulates of all the countries that I might visit. This is but the beginning.

But it is after you get started that you are continually reminded of the necessity of spending more time and money than you did before the war. Because of coal shortage, the steamer proceeds at slow speed, and when you tip the stewards at the rate you have been tipping them for years their instant frowns warn you that fees have gone up too; hitherto $5 may have covered one's individual tipping; it takes $10 now.

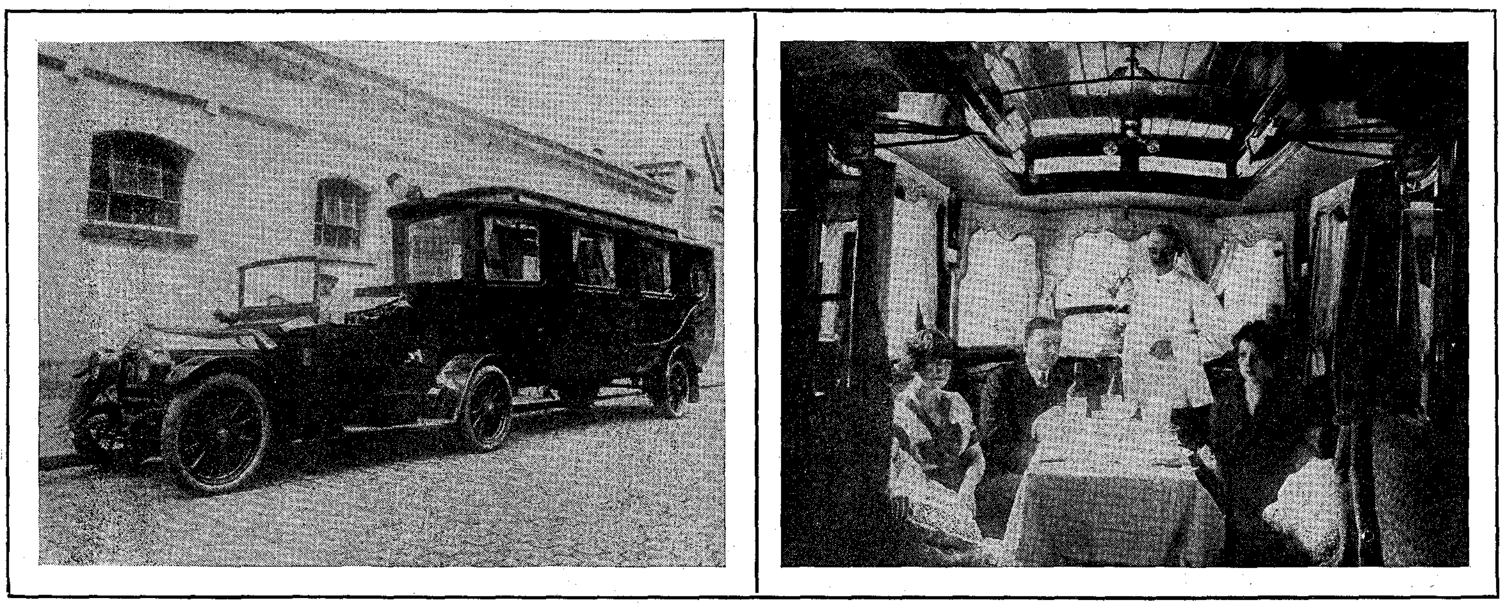
Then, after you land, like surprises await you. Do you land at Liverpool? It takes more time and money than before to go to London. Or do you land at Havre? Instead of the old-time 35 francs for a first-class ticket, if you travel in the same style, you pay 90 now. And the train is not too fast either. You arrive in London, let us say, and go to some nice English hotel, and order tea. You get it accompanied by a toast wafer and a bill for two shillings sixpence. Or you arrive in Paris and go to the best hotel in the supposedly cheap Latin Quarter. A single room costs 25 francs.

As to the cost of living abroad measured by foreign currencies, some people seem to think that because exchange on France or Italy is more than three times the normal, it is cheaper to go abroad than to stay at home. Not quite. Prices have gone up at least in the same proportion as exchange has. But everything wanted by the American traveler seems to have gone up in even greater proportion. So, allowing for the unheard-of exchange favoring the American in Europe, the expense involved in the European trip this year from New York to New York may be assumed to be a quarter or a third more than for the same trip before the war.

Of course under any circumstances one can economize. In the first place, a knowledge of the languages is always at least a double purse. The relinquishment of certain luxuries, like elevator service, for instance, means a saving; the ability to mount five flights of stairs, dispensing with a lift, got me a room in the best quarter of Paris a few months ago for five francs, and I found a near-by restaurant giving fair meals for 55 cents. These prices, I admit, were even then phenomenal, and they have doubtless been advanced. The luxury side of travel is always, however, seductive. For instance, every one wants to see the battlefields of the war. No one seems to know just how to get to them—many are out of the beaten track. Along comes a fascinating circular giving the terms of a proposal to take you by motor to the best worth seeing of the out-of-the-way battlefields and devastated towns, and, what is more, insuring you bed and board for a week, all for 1,200 or 1,500 francs, let us say. Because your French may no be very fluent, because you do not "know the ropes," and because you do want to save time, you end by paying the price. True, you may find pleasant companions in your motor, but again you may not. Then, too, the motor may break down. In short, the chances are at least even that at the close of the week you will be envying the independent sightseer who is getting independent impressions.

In the various countries of western Europe (presumably the only ones visite this year by Americans) special feature should be noted. In England, for instance, one of those features is the fores destruction. During the war, the supply from France of lumber for war purpose becoming exhausted through lack o labor, the British had to provide themselves with wood from their own forests Many private owners felled their timbe and offered it for sale to the Government The largest owner of all, the King, wa equally prompt, in the crown wood at Windsor, Ascot, and New Forest But there were not enough traine men to cut the timber. England had t appeal overseas. Canada and the Unite States responded. In the Black Wood not very far from Windsor, and i Windsor Forest itself, you may see th strange spectacle of areas laid bare b the Canadian cutters and sawmills an the huts built for the Canadian Forestr Corps.

An interesting event in England will b the Mayflower Tercentenary. On Augu 5, 1620, the Speedwell, coming from Ho land, and the Mayflower set sail fro



(C) Keystone View Co.

TOURING THE BATTLEFIELDS LUXURIOUSLY—A "CARAVAN" FOR VISITING THE DEVASTATED AREA

Twelve passengers are carried in this motor car, and it has an electric kitchen for preparing meals to be served in a dining compartment (at the right)

Southampton for America. The Speedwell sprung a leak and the two ships put into Plymouth. The Speedwell's passengers were transferred to the Mayflower, which left on September 6. Americans who are going to be in England in September may be interested in the celebrations at Plymouth, Southampton, and Nottingham—for the Nottingham district includes the homes of Brewster, Bradford, and John Robinson, as well as the location of some of the Separatist churches which emigrated to Holland.

In Holland the Nederlandsche Pilgrim Fathers Commission has organized an equally interesting programme of conferences and demonstrations on a large scale. These are to occur at Leyden, Amsterdam, Delftshaven, and Rotterdam during the week beginning August 29, perhaps the most interesting being a pilgrimage from Leyden to Delftshaven by boat along the way the Pilgrims went.

Though a neutral, Holland bears vestiges of war. The Dutch have cut down their splendid trees lining the highways near the German border, and have even taken down many houses lest a sudden Boche inrush might not be detected. But when we cross into Belgium we do indeed see a country bearing ghastly vestiges of war. And yet, to our surprise, this very country has recovered more quickly than has any other. In truth, Belgium has always been a thrifty housekeeper. The most densely populated country in the world, she has become agriculturally and industrially the most extensively cultivated. In her recovery from war she is ahead of France, just as France is ahead of Italy. Even the Belgian industries which suffered most of all from the war—glass and steel—have been restored by one-third of their productivity, while no less than three-quarters of the cotton, shoe, sugar, and woolen factories are at work and the Belgian coal production nearly equals that before the war. What a contrast to France, where not for years will French coal production be restored! Formerly it was some forty million tons a year; now it is eighteen million; and this is largely due to the destruction at Lens.

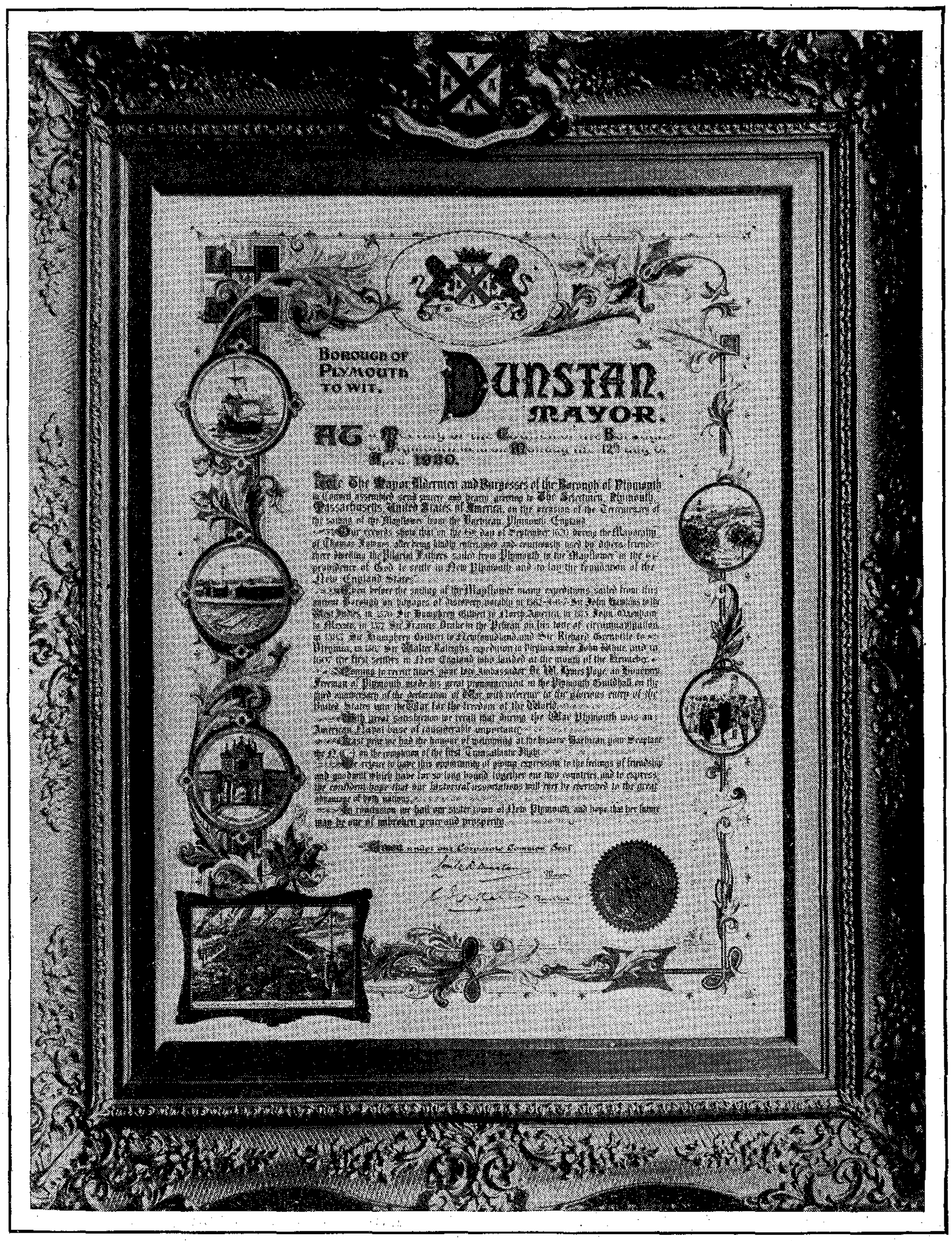
Go to Lens—it is not far from the Belgian border—and then cross the valleys of the Somme, the Oise, the Aisne, and the Marne to Paris, and you will see effectively what the war has done. You have been journeying through Belgium, where nearly all of the standard-gauge lines have been reconstructed. In France there are still 770 miles of wrecked railway to rebuild, and the train schedules suffer. As you wend your way through what was once the richest agricultural region of France, you will be struck by the appearance of the refugee farmers. It is better than it has been, but many a farmer is still without food, clothes, shelter, agricultural implements. You will admire the work of the American Committee for Devastated France in trying to make good these four lacks to the farmers and their families. It makes one proud of being an American!

Not only should you visit the devastated country districts, but especially the ruined cities of western France, *and not at all as a curious tourist, but as a pious pilgrim.* For it is in these cities especially that one sees what it has cost France to save the world. Take Rheims, for instance. For four years and more the 125,000 people of that city lived under the rain of shells; out of 17,000 houses you will find only a few undamaged (the Boches destroyed some 600,000 in northwest France). The Germans centered their shells upon the Cathedral, setting fire to some wooden staging built alongside for repairs. The fire spread to the high-peaked roof and destroyed it. The ruined Cathedral looks very different from what it did when you last saw it.

But if buildings look different, so do people, especially children. Take the population of Lille as an example. The population is twice that of Rheims. On July 31, 1914, the manhood of Lille up to the age of forty-seven was mobilized. Very early in the war the Germans captured Lille, and it remained in their hands until October, 1918. The Lillois in the French army had fought without direct news from their wives and daughters. Out of every hundred Lille soldiers fifty-seven were killed. The other forty-three returned to find—what? Thousands of girls brutally carried off as individuals or violently deported in droves; the children underfed; nine out of every ten consumptives. The hospitals were crowded; they are crowded to-day, and there are thousands who cannot be admitted. Who will help the fatherless children of France?

Our men fought in France. Some of them lie there. Thousands of their relatives and friends will this summer travel to their graves. As many war cemeteries are inaccessible by train, the American Red Cross is now organizing a system of bus lines to the principal points where the American heroes lie. For instance, one line will operate from Château Thierry to the burial-ground at Belleau Wood, where there are 2,600 American graves; another will operate from Soissons to the cemetery just outside of Fismes, where there are 1,700 American graves; and still another from Soissons to Ploisy, where nearly 2,000 have found their last resting-place; finally, go from Dun-sur-Meuse to Romagne, that largest American cemetery in France, where lie thousands who bought with their lives America's victory in the decisive battle of the Meuse-Argonne. At Romagne a Red Cross hotel has now been installed, which will offer accommodations for those visitors who intend to remain overnight. There are no hotels at the other places.

If the war thus furnishes the greatest feature of interest to persons visiting France this summer, this is also true of Italy. Interest centers in the northwest of each country. You journey from Venice to Trieste through a sadder region than you have seen in France; sadder because slower in its recovery. You cross successive streams which became successive lines of defense—the Piave, the



Borough of Plymouth to wit.

Dunstan, Mayor.

International

AN ILLUMINATED ADDRESS SENT BY PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, TO PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE MAYFLOWER TERCENTENARY

Tagliamento, and the Isonzo. Instead of the many white, gleaming villages you had once beheld, you now see many gloomy graveyards lining those valleys. The villages have been destroyed by war, some, indeed, entirely shot away. The snowy Alps guard this sanctuary of death. In these valleys and in those mountains Italy made her contribution to the war—over half a million men killed.

But there is another side to the picture. You are on the borders of the Trentino, where nine out of every ten men have always been Italian. You see a province now redeemed to Italy. You visit the Italian-speaking city of Trieste and those parts of the provinces of Gorizia and Istria where Italian influence is predominant. All are now Italian, indeed. Fiume, to the south, is also worth a visit, indeed whether the city proper with its majority Italian population comes under Italian political control or not. That is a side issue. The main issue is that the port, international in its commercial significance, should be free, like Hamburg's, with privileges to all alike. It is worth while to visit all these places and to talk with the people there; only so will one gain a proper notion of the present situation. Particularly is this true of the purely German-speaking South Tyrol and the Pustertahl. Both have been assigned to Italy, simply because they lie on the southern side of the Alps, and such an assignment for purely strategic reasons may very easily be a further source of European conflict.

Going east from Trieste, you enter the Balkans, as before, through the Slav regions of Slovenia and Croatia. But their political status is now changed. They are no longer a part of Austria; they belong to the new Jugoslavia, which has a territory well-nigh as large as Italy's and a population of some 12,000,000. You go northeast to Vienna and are surprised to see that the people have cut down the trees in the Prater and the Wienerwald. True, there was no deadwood in those splendid parks, so perfectly had they been kept. But the desperation of the people this last winter was so great that they actually cut down living trees, which provided at best only a smoldering fire with little heat. A friend who has recently been in Vienna tells me that nine out of every ten babies born have died from lack of fuel alone. The lack of food is great. Unless relief soon reaches that city, a quarter of its two million population, it is claimed, must perish.

If the war has taken territory from Austria, it has also dealt similarly with Hungary, for Rumania has now redeemed the Ruman Transylvania as well as the Bukowina and Russian Bessarabia.

From Russia Finland and Poland have separated themselves, let us hope forever. The Esths, the Letts, and the Lithuanians, if they may not obtain independence, certainly count on gaining autonomy.

The brightest future for any liberated nation seems to be assured to Czechoslovakia. It is a country rich in varied resources. It has in particular the mines which Austria and Hungary lack, and it has also immense agricultural and industrial wealth. I have frequently been in Bohemia, and can testify to its economic possibilities and to the character of its people. While the International Zionist Conference is scheduled to take place at Carlsbad, on the northern border of Bohemia, it is hardly probable that in the near future international conferences will occur as frequently in the former central empires as in the Entente Allied countries.

When the Zionists go to Carlsbad this summer, they will find Austria-Hungary so sliced up by the conquering Allies as to bear little resemblance to its former self. They will find some slices cut from Germany, too, for the French have redeemed the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine; the Belgians, Malmédy; the Danes, Slesvig; and the Poles have come into their own in East Prussia and Upper Silesia.

But the German territory just now most interesting to us Americans is the Rhineland. When, in other years, you have visited Germany, you have hardly suspected that there could be much political change there. Should you visit it this year, you will find English, American, and French soldiers guarding, respectively, Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence. Most startling of all, the American flag floats over the proudest of German fortresses, that of Ehrenbreitstein—that high rock guarding the Coblenz bridgehead—and there it will fly as long as any American forces remain in our Occupied Area. Europe contains no more inspiring sight or significant symbol.

BIRD HUNTING WITH FIELD-GLASS AND CAMERA

BY A. A. ALLEN

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ORNITHOLOGY, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was not many years ago that the man who wanted to know the birds had to devote his entire life to their study. The world was willing that he should, and did not require that he know anything else. His kind were few, and the bright bits of plumage which he set up in lifelike postures in the local museum were the Mecca on holidays for the entire countryside. But a great change has come over the world in the last twenty-five years, a change which has been beneficial to mankind as well as to birds. The local museum with its mounted specimens has almost disappeared, and the out-of-doors with its living birds beckons to the holiday crowds. Bird study has been made easy, and the living bird has replaced the museum specimen in the eye of the world. In the old days a few trained naturalists studied birds, and they hunted them with guns; to-day thousands of men, women, and children study birds, and they hunt them with the field-glass and the camera.

"Not only are the song-sparrows and robins singing, but the white-throated sparrows, who will, I suppose, soon leave us for the North, are still in full song, and this morning they waked us up at daybreak singing just outside the window." Thus wrote Theodore Roosevelt from the White House to one of his children during the busy time of his Administration. For never was our great naturalist-President so engrossed in the cares of state that his eyes and ears were unresponsive to nature. To him the songs of the birds about the capital, the flowering of the shrubs, and the changing of the foliage were a rest to his strenuous soul, and he enjoyed them with the appreciation of a naturalist and the pleasure of a child. And the pleasure which the President of this great country derived from its bird life is denied to no one. The birds which he watched nesting on the White House trellis might choose, another year, to nest in the vines covering the abode of the most lowly, and should the heart within the hovel respond like that within the White House, they would bring an equal amount of sunshine. Hand in hand go parent and son, teacher and pupil, trained naturalist and errant youth, for bird study is a great leveler, the birds recognizing neither station nor age.

The growing interest in birds has manifested itself in many ways. The few standard technical books of fifty years ago have been augmented by hundreds of popular books on birds, many of them beautifully illustrated with colored plates and photographs. Details of structure described in a strange vocabulary have given place to interesting descriptions of plumage, habits, and songs, and the identification of the birds, which was formerly difficult and uncertain, has been made easy by the many excellent colored illustrations. To-day one knowing nothing about birds can slip a "bird guide" into his pocket, and when he enters the park he can be almost certain of identifying the birds which he sees. He thus impresses them upon his memory, so that the next time he sees them he greets them as friends and his walk is made much more enjoyable. He is then ready to observe birds as he would acquaintances. He learns to recognize their voices, he discovers their homes, what they prefer to eat, and the many little idiosyncrasies that make them different from one another. If he is wise, he carries a small note-book in his pocket and jots down his observations, for often the apparently strange behavior of a bird can be interpreted in the light of later discoveries. If one carries a pair of field-glasses, or even opera-glasses, with him, his field of observation is greatly extended, and many birds that would otherwise escape him are added to his list of acquaintances. The man who owns a pair of six or eight power prism binoculars is the best equipped for all-around field work, for, though some experience is required to use them rapidly, one is able to watch and identify birds with them as far as he can see with his unaided eyes. Higher-power glasses are not very satisfactory, except for water birds, because the field of vision is too limited and the illumination in the woods is too poor.

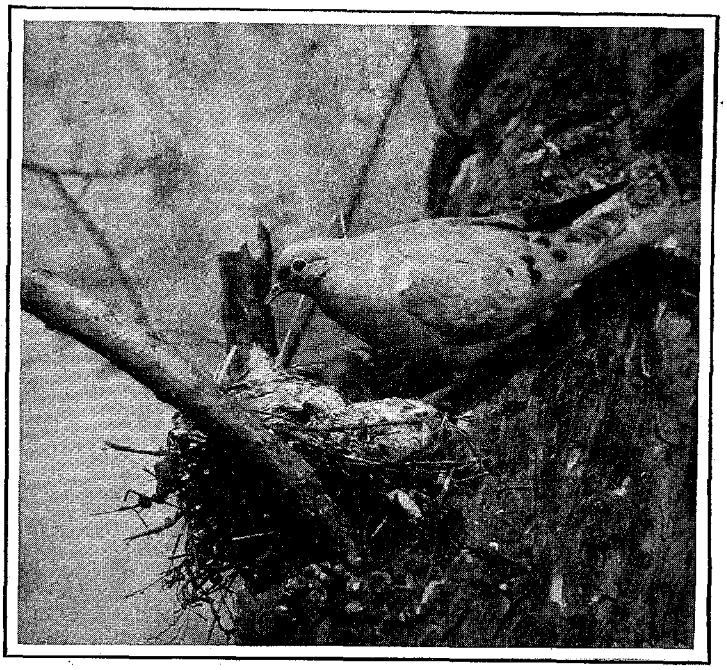
Bird hunting is a good deal like fishing. Put two men on the same stream, and the man who knows the habits of the trout is likely to catch a mess of fish while the other man gets none. And so with birds; the naturalist passes through a wood and notes the presence of dozens of different kinds of birds, while the inexperienced man sees not one. After a little, however, one learns the sorts of places that birds prefer. A slight rustling in the dead leaves or a few notes in the tree-tops tells him to stop, and he remains quiet or slips unobtrusively into the shrubbery. The birds soon forget his presence, and he is rewarded by the appearance of first one and then another until there are perhaps a dozen birds where before there seemed to be none. For upon the approach of man, or any other enemy, the shyer birds, instead of flying away and attracting one's attention to them by their movements, remain motionless and escape detection.

If one wishes merely to discover what birds are living in the vicinity, if he is primarily interested in seeing the birds so as to identify them, there is a very simple way of calling together all of the birds of the neighborhood. It consists merely in imitating the distress call of a wounded or young bird, which is very similar for all species of birds, and which seems to be recognized by them indiscriminately. The sound is best made by moistening the lips and kissing the back of the hand or the knuckle of the bent forefinger very lightly so that a shrill, distressing sort of a squeak is produced. It usually requires some practice before the sound is made perfectly, but many birds, like the robins and the catbirds, respond to even the crudest imitations. If one selects an inconspicuous place to sit and remains quiet while he is "squeaking," the birds will come very close in an endeavor to discover the trouble. On one occasion the writer had thirty different kinds of birds in view at one time and some of them within three or four feet of him. The "squeak," however, is a good deal like the cry, "Wolf! wolf!" and its virtue wears off if it is too frequently used.

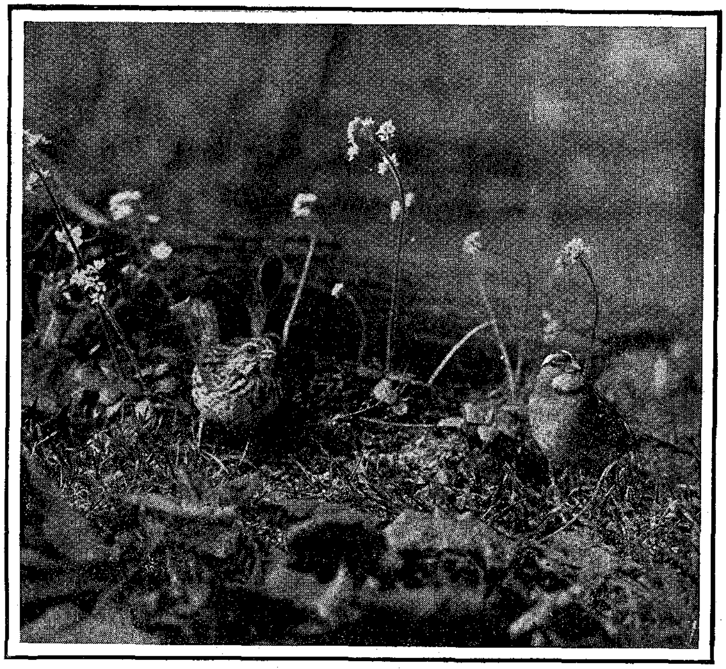
Another method of calling birds, but one which requires more skill, is that of imitating their songs. The songs of most birds are very difficult to imitate, but some, like those of the chickadee, wood pewee, Baltimore oriole, white-throated sparrow, and field-sparrow, are remarkably clear whistles, and can be imitated closely by any one who will practice sufficiently. Song seems to stimulate song, and one may often, for example, start the whole woods to ringing with the notes of the whitethroat by imitating their song, even when they have been quiet for some time. Again, when there is but a single bird about, or if one has approached the spot from which some male has determined to drive away all other males because he is wooing a mate, the answering bird will approach very closely. Indeed, on several occasions a little chickadee, answering the writer's call, has flown down to his cap and then, hovering in front of his pursed lips, has peered into the little round hole as though searching for the other bird.

When one experiences the thrill of such close acquaintance with the little creatures of the woods, when one discovers a bird's nest with its delicately tinted eggs, or when he chances upon some amusing incident in the home life of one of his bird neighbors, he longs for a camera that he may preserve a record of it to share with his friends. But the record that the ordinary snap with a kodak makes of even the most thrilling experience with birds is usually most disappointing. The resulting image of the bird is so small in comparison with its real size or the magnitude of the incident in the photographer's eyes that he seldom

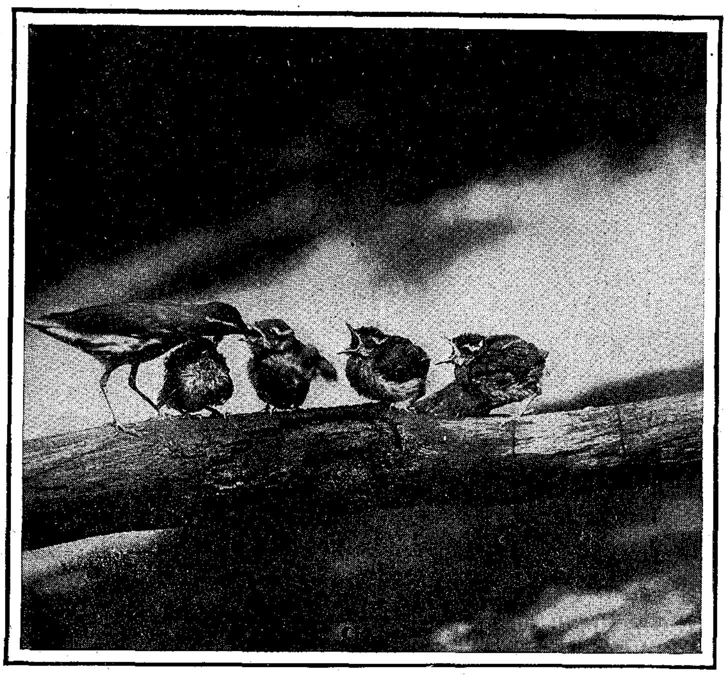
A FRIENDLY CHICKADEE



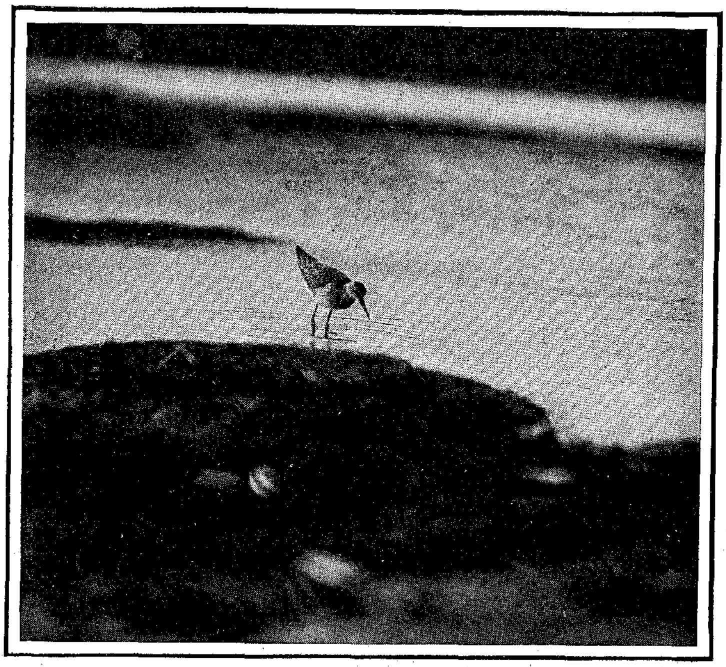
AN EMBLEM OF PEACE—THE MOURNING DOVE



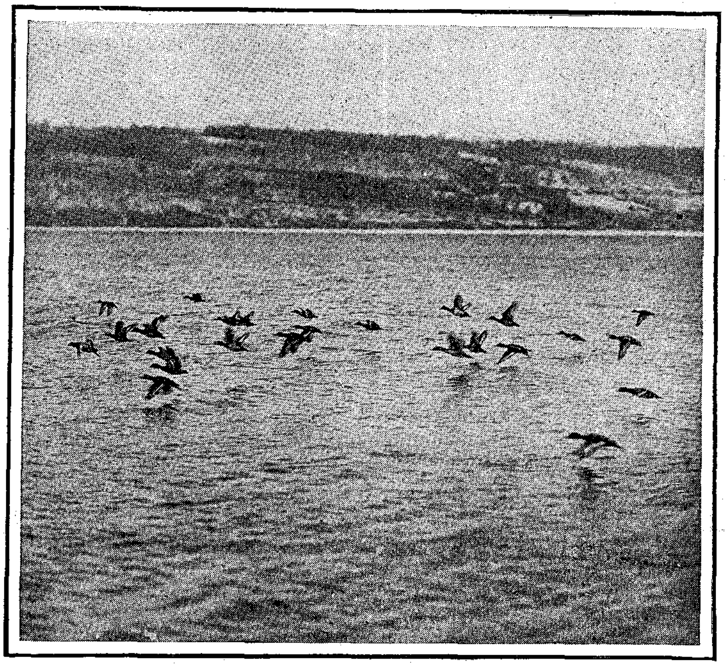
SPRINGTIME SPARROWS—SONG AND WHITE-THROATED



LOUISIANA WATER-THRUSHES

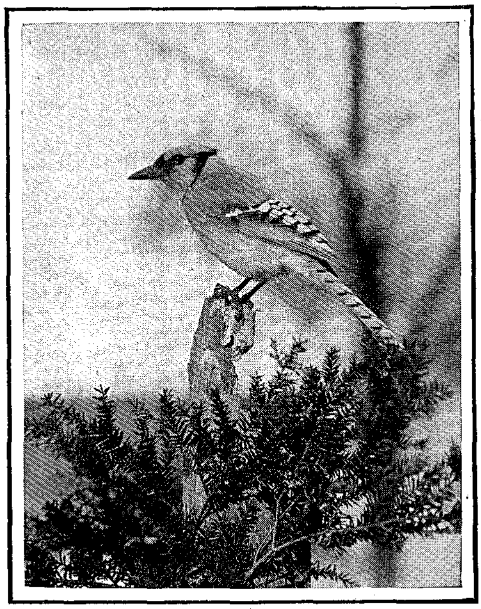


A SEPTEMBER YELLOWLEGS



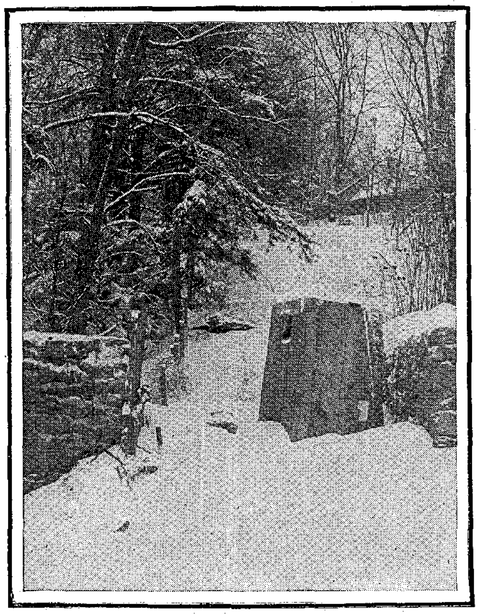
SCAUP DUCKS ON CAYUGA LAKE

SPECIMENS FROM A CAMERA SPORTSMAN'S "BAG"



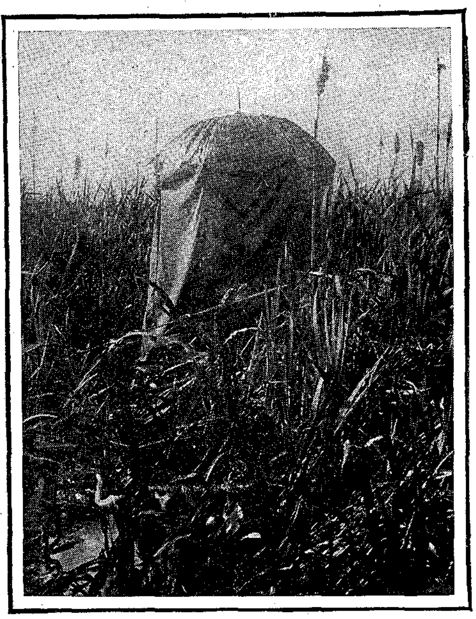
A BLUE JAY AT THE FEEDING STATION

This photograph was taken from the improvised photographic blind which is shown in the picture *adjoining at the right*



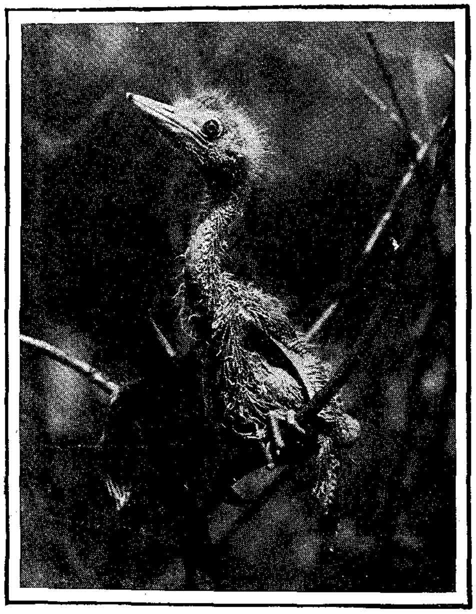
A PHOTOGRAPHIC BLIND IMPROVISED FROM A BOX

Food is placed on the wall and on the stub where the blue jay can be seen feeding. The photographer sits in the box with his camera



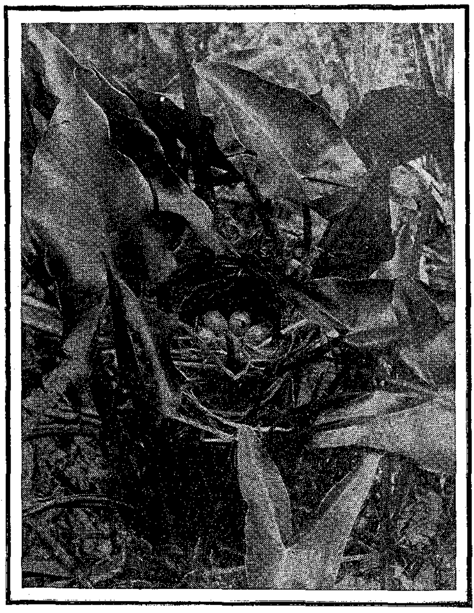
AN "UMBRELLA BLIND" IN THE MARSH

This is set up at arm's length from a redwing's nest. The photographer inside can study and photograph the birds at close range. See nest below



A YOUNG GREEN HERON

It looks like a caricature, but grace and beauty develop with age

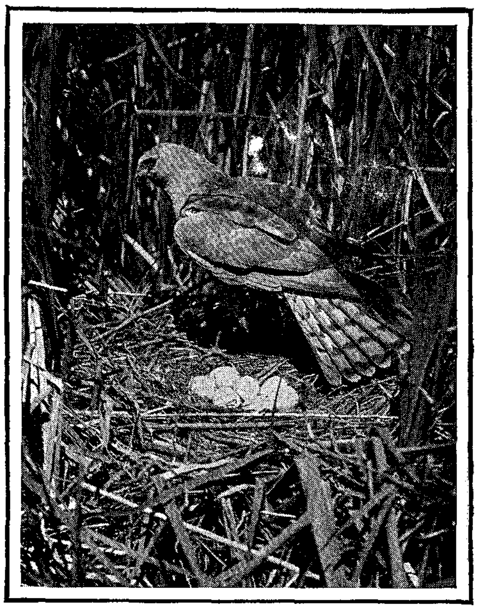


A REDWING'S NEST IN AN ARROW-ARUM

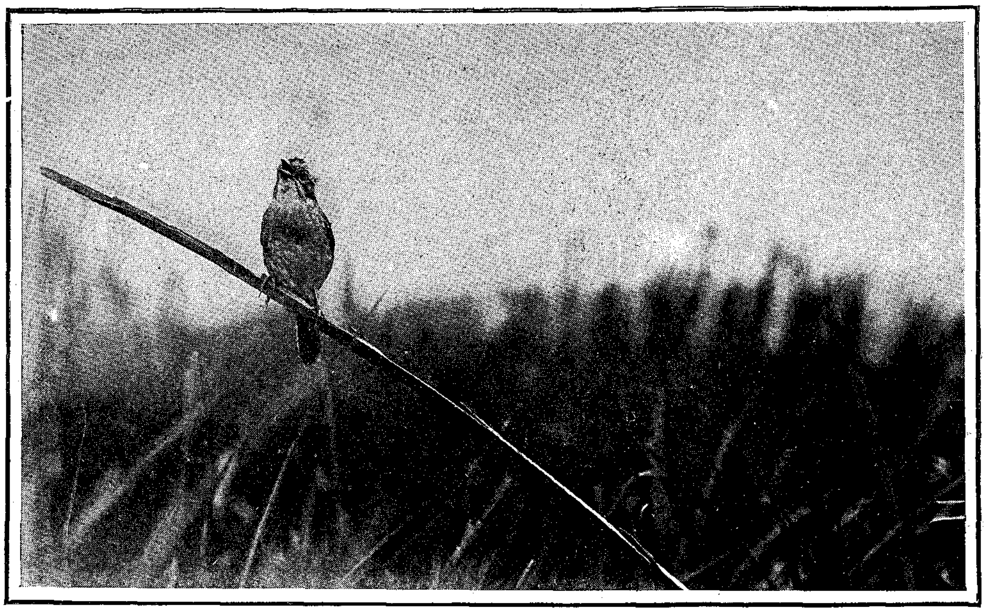
The nest, with its dainty eggs, is well concealed by the arrow-shaped leaves of this plant

THE REDWING AT HOME

See "umbrella blind" above, from which this picture was taken



THE MARSH HAWK GUARDS HIS TREASURE WITH WATCHFUL EYE



A SWAMP SPARROW SINGING

If one watches birds singing, he may discover some favorite perch on which he may train his camera makes a second attempt with a camera. And yet one who has mastered the rudiments of bird photography finds it a most fascinating and satisfying pursuit. Men of every profession are known to the writer who make bird photography their chief avocation and plan their leisure hours far ahead that they may add a few photographs to their collections.

Bird photography is like hunting and fishing combined when it comes to the elements of excitement and suspense, but it has this advantage: there are birds to be photographed at all times of the year, and there is no closed season. During the winter and spring, when food is scarce, birds are easily baited to a photographic station, and many interesting portraits and photographs of amusing incidents can be secured. The writer in one season secured pictures of over twenty different kinds of birds on one log in a city yard where he maintained a photographic feeding station. When the nesting season begins in late spring, there are endless opportunities for photographing the nests and eggs, the incubating birds, and the birds with their young. If one were to preserve with a camera a complete record of the different happenings at only one bird's nest, he would find himself the possessor of quite a collection of interesting photographs. Then when the nesting season is over certain birds gather in flocks about favorite feeding grounds, where one can hunt them with the camera. Ducks and shore birds are favorite subjects, for they frequent open places where the light is strong and where flight pictures are possible. One can shoot them feeding or swinging over decoys, and, no matter how large his bag, there are just as many left to grace the landscape.

Before one enters the field of bird photography, however, he must recognize its limitations and equip himself accordingly. One cannot go afield with only a camera, no matter how expensive the equipment, and expect to secure photographs of all the birds and incidents that he observes, no matter at what close range they may occur. With a reflecting type of camera, such as the "graflex," equipped with a long-focus lens, one can secure many snapshots of birds by the wayside, but they are usually unsatisfactory, for the birds are alarmed and do not present a natural appearance. In order to secure a really satisfactory photograph, the "studio" should be made ready first, and the camera should be focused upon the spot where the bird is to perch, so that one has merely to snap the shutter when the bird returns and assumes the desired pose. The great difficulty, of course, and one that often taxes the ingenuity of the photographer to the utmost, is in luring the bird to the desired spot and getting it to assume a natural pose before the camera. With some birds this is almost impossible on account of their fear of the camera or the lens, but with others it is comparatively simple.

There are two general methods of procedure in bird photography, depending upon whether the photographer wishes to be with his camera or to manipulate it from a distance by means of a thread or electric release. The former method is much more satisfactory, because one has the pleasure of being close to the bird when he takes the picture and he can see exactly what he is getting, while when the camera is manipulated from a distance it is largely guesswork. In either case, and whether one is photographing a bird at its nest or at a feeding station, it is necessary to get the bird accustomed to some sort of a box or blind which is to conceal the camera or the photographer. This should be put up as far ahead of the time when one plans to photograph as possible, preferably a day or even a week before, so that the birds will be absolutely unafraid of it when one enters with his camera. This will save an endless amount of waiting, especially if one can enter the blind without being seen by the birds. If he cannot, it is always well to be accompanied by some other person, who walks conspicuously away when everything is in readiness. The average bird does not count and therefore does not realize that some one has remained in the blind. Once inside the blind, with the birds coming and going perfectly unconcerned, bird photography resolves itself into a study of the birds and an effort to catch them in most natural and characteristic poses. Herein lies the great value of photography, for a good photograph shows at a glance what pages of description fail to convey, and, moreover, it gives the same image to every one, which cannot be said of most written descriptions. All photographs, however, are not perfect, and it is quite possible, by snapping unusual poses of a bird, to convey an entirely erroneous impression of it. Indeed, a great many of the published photographs that seem perfect in most details have been taken when the bird was frightened or nervous, and reflect the real nature of the bird no better than the average snapshot does that of a person.

At a permanent feeding station for birds where it is desired to take pictures it it well to have a commodious box that will hold the photographer and his camera, with loopholes from which he may look and through which he may point his camera. This box blind can be as comfortable and convenient as the tastes of the photographer require. The writer has taken many pictures from a box barely large enough for him to sit in all doubled up, while one of his friends has a commodious structure on wheels, with every convenience, which he can hitch behind his car and pull wherever it is wanted. For working with birds at their nests on uneven ground a box of any kind is usually unsatisfactory, and we resort to what is called an "umbrella blind." This consists of an ordinary umbrella fastened to a pole, with an apron of neutrally colored cloth hung all around it and fastened to the ground to keep it from flapping. This is easily moved from place to place and is satisfactory for all birds nesting within five feet of the ground. It could be used in trees if one built a platform on which to stand, but for tree work we usually resort to a dummy camera or a small box which will hold the camera, which is then manipulated by a string or electric release from a distance. The box is put in place several days ahead of time, as with other blinds, and with timid birds like doves, crows, and chats it is necessary to put it up first at a distance and gradually move it closer.

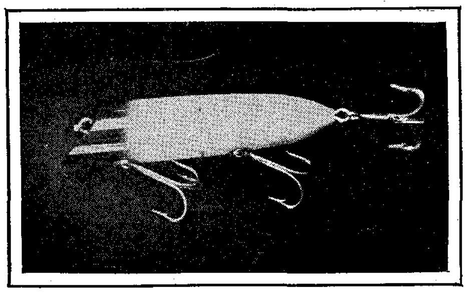
The camera that is most satisfactory for bird photography is of the 4 × 5 size with a bellows extension of from 15 to 20 inches, so that a fairly long-focus lens of from 8 to 12 inches can be used. The virtue of the long-focus lens is that it enables one to work at a little greater distance from the birds, which are then not so alarmed by the click of the shutter. Lenses of the anastigmat type are the most satisfactory because they work at larger apertures, and thus permit of photography on cloudy days and permit of shorter exposures on bright days, avoiding the blurring that so frequently occurs because of the motion of the birds. The more noiseless the shutter one uses, the less alarmed will the birds become and the better the resulting pictures. Thus equipped, one has the ideal outfit, but almost any camera can be adapted to bird photography from a blind with gratifying results.

The camera and the photographic blind give new zest to one's study of birds. Their use makes him ever alert to photographic possibilities, and he is ever picturing to himself the ideal photograph of each bird he knows, and he is ever striving to secure that picture. He watches birds feeding that he may learn their tastes and know better how to lure them to a photographic feeding station; he watches them singing that he may learn of some favorite perch upon which he may train his camera; he watches them carrying straws for their nests and food for their youngsters that he may find their homes, with the resulting opportunities for the umbrella blind; and when he has secured the series of pictures of which he has dreamed, he has studied the birds so intensively that he knows them better than he knows his best friends, and better than any one else who has not been through the same experiences.

ON AN ANGLING CHORD OR A TWISTED STRING?

BY SHERIDAN R. JONES

ANGLING EDITOR "OUTERS' RECREATION"



"SOME WAY THOSE HOOKS SHUT OUT THE SUNLIGHT OF 'THAT DAY'"

THE shores of a little Northern lake merged into that semi-darkness which precedes the arrival of a moonless night. Naught save a skyline of giant fir and balsam, appearing sinister and in profile against a rose-blue west, formed background for the ghostly close-in birch and the white crests of ripples gently lapping the sandy beach. It was the end of a day.

From out the quiet of this all-but-night floated the mellow gurgle of a paddle eagerly applied, and in from the darkness drifted the shadowy outline of a canoe feeling its way to rest at our very feet, yet yielding gracefully to the rise and fall of its own created swell. For a moment its lone occupant rested his blade, then, with the poise of one whose craft responds to every beck and call of a master, stepped upon the beach and greeted us with friendly voice. An angler returned from a day upon the lake.

To complete the tale in a way that would be most satisfactory to the general pleasure-seeker there should follow the lifting of a string—a twisted string—well laden with rewards of a taking fly. Truth forbids.

"What luck, brother?"

"Great!" was his reply, and he rubbed his paddle-cramped hands in all but glee. "Great! Knew that I would get him in time. And, say, you should have seen him hit it. Met it in the air, too! Been after him for about a week; ever since I lost him when he threw a White Miller. Saw him smash at an old green dragon-fly that used to rest on the stump where he was hanging out. That gave me the big idea. Made one myself and, by Jove, I got him for sure!"

"Well, let's see him. Must be a dandy. Got him in the canoe?"

"About four pounds, I think. But he isn't in the canoe. I put him back."

"Father Isaac, man! Work a week to get such a bass, and then put him back! What in the world do you fish for, anyway?"

"Well, the fact is, I didn't have any use for him dead, and I might get another round the next time I come up. Slipped the hook from his mouth without lifting him out of the water, so I guess he was more fagged than injured. Ought to be in great shape in a day or two, after he gets his fight back."

"Yes; but what fun is there in that kind of fishing?"

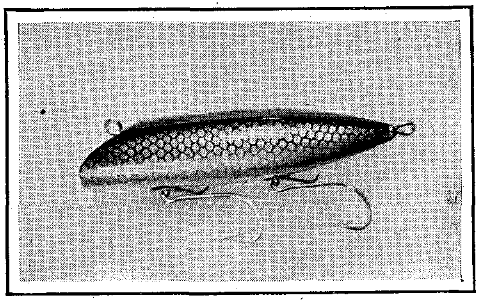
"Fun? Pleasure? Didn't I catch him? Didn't I catch him on a fly? Didn't I catch him on a fly that I figured out to get him, and on one that I created myself? Fun? Pleasure? What more do you want?"

Beaching his canoe, he left us. And as his broad shoulders disappeared among the shadows above the boathouse by common consent *an angler* had returned from a day upon the lake! An angler, with his fish upon an angling chord.

All this might be a fable—an angling fable with a moral—to be read, appreciated, and forgotten. A beautiful vision, but scarcely realistic. Yet we were fortunate—fortunate in that it was a real vision, and that it came to us early in our angling career. Because of it we have turned angler rather than remained mere fisherman. Because of it we have been able to place our finest fish upon the angling chord of memory and not upon a cord of twisted string!

It is vacation time again—the play-day of a year. Throughout the length and breadth of yesterday our dreams were born and nurtured, and now in part are soon to be fulfilled. Dreams of yesteryear, of quiet cove and mighty battle; of fern-fringed book and ichthyic lore. Dreams of to-day, of watered vale and wooded hillock; of zephyr wand and cunning feather. We go to play.

We sort the tackle in anticipation, yet somewhere something is amiss. Perchance it is that lure—nine points it carries—a gruesome spectacle to behold! Battle-scarred and metal-tarnished, it

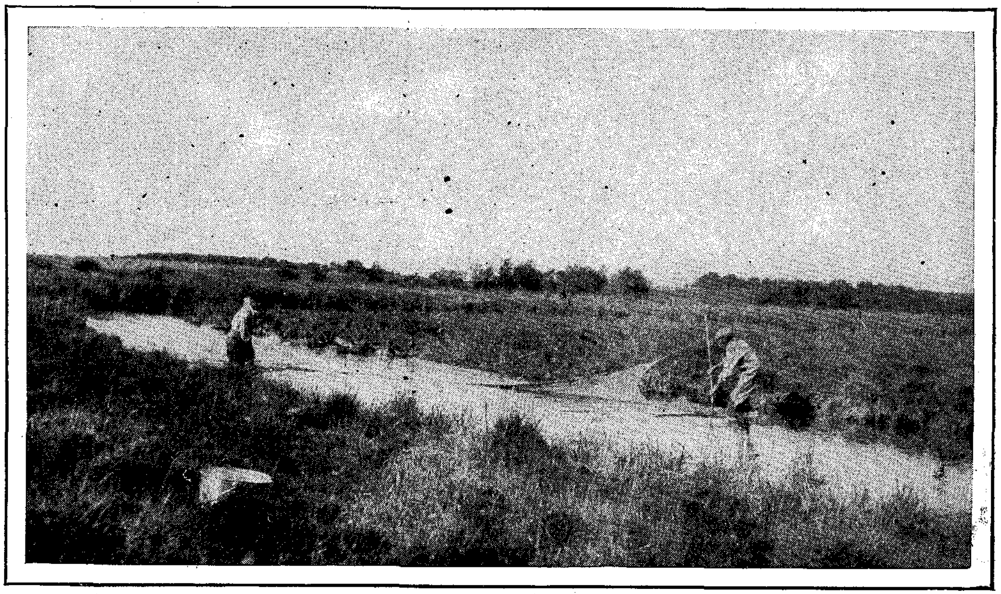


"THE TACKLE KIT EVOLVES TO MEET THE SPIRIT AND PURPOSE OF THE NEW ANGLER"

gives mute evidence of confidence supreme. We wonder that it does not foster cherished memories, since it has served us well. But no. Some way those hooks shut out the sunlight, dim the brightness of "that day." They tell naught of balsam breezes, of singing birds and rippled waters. Their story is one of strife; their memory—a *coup de grâce*. And we were to play.

The more we angle, the more we are convinced that the spirit of fair play is essential to the gaining of recreation's pleasures and rewards. Perhaps the multiplicity of points and the assurance of staying qualities were necessary to lure men from a workaday world to the quiet places in God's great out-of-doors. If so, they have done their part and done it nobly. But one does not angle long before a new philosophy of life is born within. A square deal and a fighting chance seem all-important, while the tackle kit evolves through steady stages to a plane compatible with the spirit and purpose of the new angler.

Finesse of cast and delicacy of line control, too, have their reward in pleasure, and the victory of a taut line with no restraining barb is a "consummation devoutly to be wished." We, too, have experienced the pleasures of a day upon



"AN ADJACENT SLOUGH YIELDED ITS PRECIOUS QUOTA" virgin waters, and the joy that comes to the soul as the angler gazes upon a vanquished beauty now paneled in fighting mien. We, too, have dipped our blade into the shadows of dark waters and found pleasure in the sputtering night lure and the splash of feeding bass. But never did we know the thrill of angling in all its fullness until we placed our first big, battling bronze-back upon the angling chord of memory and not upon a cord of twisted string.

The spirit of fair play has initiated an age of conservation. We doubt if the angler, deprived of his appreciation of nature's games, could be won so unreservedly to the support of a mere pelf-producing measure. It is to the angler who loves play that we must look to carry on; it is this angler who must lead the movement of reclamation.

One of the most fruitful sources of conservation may be found in the stoppage of nature's wastes. It took long years to convince the public that such a waste was possible and that human intellect was needed to guide and direct natural processes to an advantageous conclusion. The hatchery has been one proof. Nature, tuned to an equilibrium, cannot hold her own in the face of man's destructive necessity and extravagance.

The drying of ox-bow cut-offs along our rivers in periods of low water takes a heavy toll of spring-spawned fingerling, for it is to these shallows that river fish resort for the procreative duties which perpetuate their kind. State and Federal Commissions have for years been saving many of these future game fish and have distributed them over wide areas. But here and there throughout the game-fish regions are hundreds, yes thousands, of such waters which commissions cannot reach or which are too small to warrant salvage of so extensive a character. This is an opportunity for local sportsmen's clubs and individuals to function in the great movement of reclamation.

We recall a chance meeting, in an out-of-the-way Mid-Western county, with two such sportsmen. True, they were clad in the simple garb of rural folk and were not of the "club" variety; but their eagerness bespoke membership in the clan of angling nobility. That they were seeking bait minnows we had no doubt, but investigation proved our error; they were reclaiming fry from a cut-off—fish that would otherwise be killed in the winter freeze.

Though angling bent, we followed the impulse of the moment and tarried to witness and finally to assist in the process till, when finally an adjacent slough had yielded to the stream its precious quota, gray shadows proclaimed the coming of night.

Yes, we lost our fishing for the day, but gained that which was better far—the joy of comradeship with nature, of knowing that we had played some part, however small, in the maintenance of a fruitful stream.

Such opportunities are open on every hand, opportunities of more than passing merit. Well may the angler refine his tackle and give his support to the gospel of the taut line. Well may he join the growing brotherhood of men who "put them back" and string a needless catch upon the angling chord of memory.

But more. Join in a protest against all forces that would claim the birthright of anglers yet unborn, and stand as firmly against the "limit angler" as the illegal. Lend a strong right arm in the saving of landlocked fry and fingerling as well as in the stocking of depleted waters. And, mayhap, when the shores of that little Northern lake again take form from the semi-darkness which precedes the arrival of a summer's morn, and on the skyline the giant fir and the balsam appear in profile against a rose-blue east, 'twill be the dawn of another day—a day when men go forth *to angle* rather than *to fish.*

A NATURE GUIDE IN NEW YORK

BY ENOS A. MILLS

TWO tree-loving ladies thought to prepare for Arbor Day by lifting young trees from the heart of the Palisades Inter-State Park. Their chauffeur was busily digging up a little spruce by the roadside while they sat in a high-power car directing him. Just as a tiny spruce was laid upon the lap-robe a plain individual stopped his Ford alongside.

"Ladies, I see by your car license that you are from New Jersey. At any one of three nurseries in your State little trees may be bought for twenty-five cents apiece. These trees are not yours; they are a part of this park and belong to the public. You should reset them."

There was no mark on this man and nothing about his car to indicate an official, nor was the tone of his voice typical of authority. It was a case of triumphant character.

The ladies willingly stepped from the car and patted the earth around the little tree with gloved hands. The chauffeur looked at the license on the stranger's car and sullenly shook the lap-robe. The ladies shook hands with this man and thanked him for one of the best lessons they had ever had. He responded, "Ladies, this is not all—tell your friends this incident."

This man was William A. Welch, director of the Palisades Inter-State Park, whose energy and vision have made this rugged scenic region along the historic Hudson "the most popular and most populous park in the world."

WILLIAM A. WELCH
DIRECTOR PALISADES INTER-STATE PARK

This park has earned the distinguished title of being the greatest by being simply, usefully, and attractively developed. It is restfully informal.

There are scientists on the ground to discuss trees, flowers, and birds with visiting men, women, and children.

Within this park there is not a single profiteering concession.

Practically cost is all the visitor pays for the many things for his needs and desires that are on sale within the park.

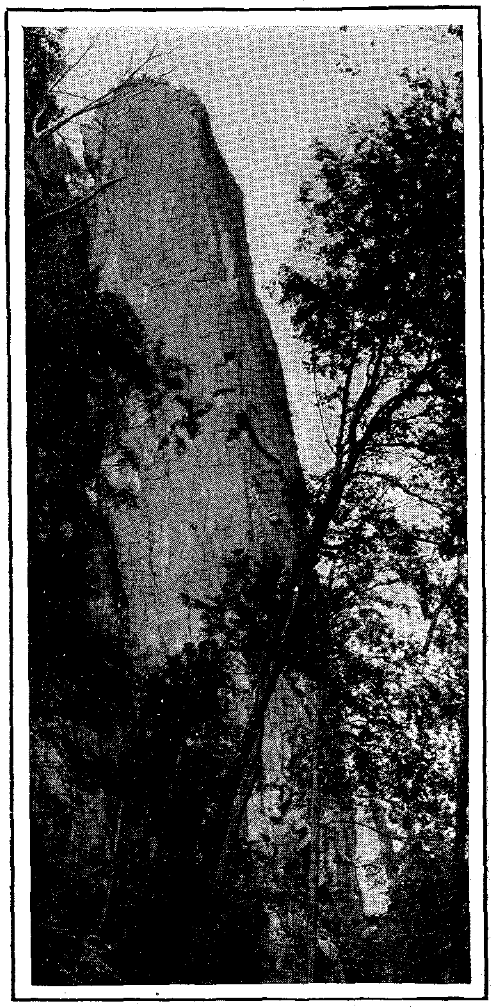
The park is not ruled by a political machine, nor by bureaucratic autocrats, but it is one hundred per cent of, for, and by the people.

It is chiefly through the genius of Welch that each year several million people find in this park the happiest use for their leisure hours and days.

Welch may be called a heroic nature guide, plus. He has the nature love of Muir, and in developing the park he has kept out cold artificiality—those things which frighten the scenery and discourage enthusiasm. This capable managing director of the Inter-State Park has the intelligent interest and the confidence of the people.

Fifty thousand children last year had a week or longer; this year there are to be two hundred thousand children. There are also camps for families, for Boy Scouts, Camp-Fire Girls, working-girls, Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A.

Visitors may go afield with nature guides and have first hand the romance and the science of wild flowers, birds, animals, and trees; even the sphinx of geology tells its story—the story of the



A CLIFF IN THE PALISADES

rocks along the Hudson. Camp-fire addresses concerning nature are also given of evenings at the numerous camps. This contact with nature lore will develop that master faculty—the imagination. Aged John Burroughs is seeing his natureward efforts glorified. How grand old John Muir would have enjoyed seeing nature thus used and honored!

Mr. Welch is having scientists make intensive natural history surveys of the entire park. The information thus amassed will be simply written into booklets with technicalities omitted.

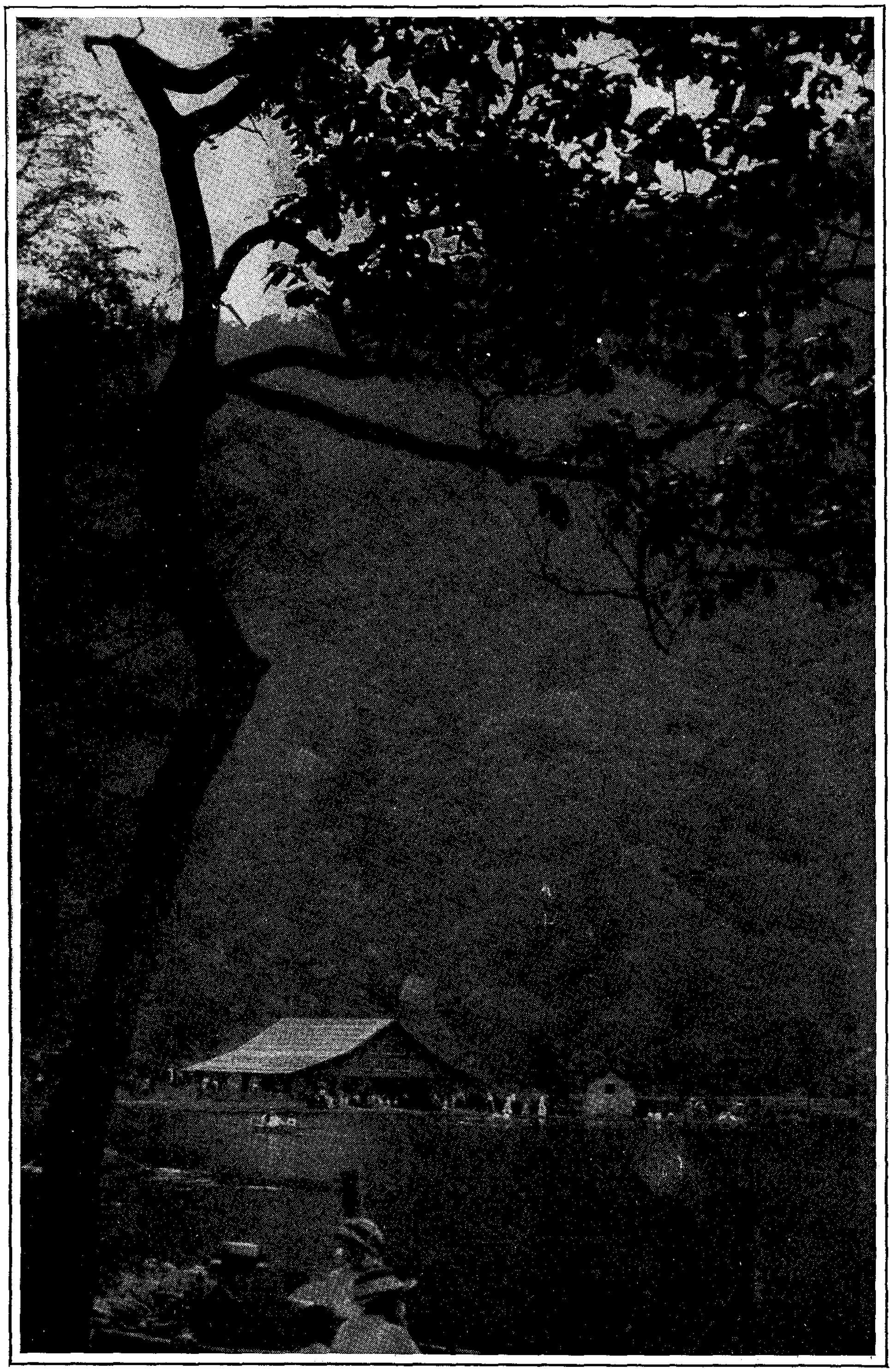
In addition to the opportunities of enjoying nature, there are numberless opportunities for games and other play. There are lake and river beaches for bathing, thousands of boats free, fields for tennis, baseball, and numberless other recreations in the sunshine. Welch, like Stevenson, feels that man's most serious business is his amusements. In the Palisades Park people are made, not wrecked, during their leisure hours.

The gigantic Bear Mountain Inn, opposite Anthony's Nose, has been described as "a heap of boulders and huge chestnut logs assembled at the base of Bear Mountain by the hand of man, and yet following the lines of such natural proportions as to resemble the eternal hills themselves." Mr. Welch was the architect of this rustic and artistic building. He was also the man who laid out the informal, poetic trails. These trails are as secluded as rabbit runs, as romantic as the brooks themselves. The roads, too, he led through primeval forests, past forest lakes and over the scene-commanding points. The entire development of the park has kept away from the artificial; it is informal; the rare natural flower-beds and tree clumps have not been disturbed, and the statuary are the time-stained boulders, crags, and cliffs—the statuary of nature.

This park shows the possibilities of managing a park by itself for its own sake. It is under a Board of Park Commissioners who are directly responsible to the people. It is not a secondary part of another department. The people, having a direct hand in its management, show a keen, constant interest in its welfare. They have kept out graft, politicians, and monopolistic concessions. The achievements of this park contain suggestions for the larger handling of o National Parks which still lag und bureaucratic, obsolete management.

Major William A. Welch, who is th chief entertainer for millions of peopl is a success. He has had many develo ing experiences, and has grown to wh he is through following up a vision c boyhood. When, during the war, the came a rush order for airplane timbe Major Welch was the man sent into th wilds of the Pacific Coast mountai ranges to supervise its cutting.

Years ago the news of the magnificen campaign for the saving of the Palisade reached Welch, a young engineer in th West. He went East and became a work man in the small, young park. In du time he became director. In the develop ment is the early vision of the director.



BOAT HOUSE, BEAR MOUNTAIN INN, PALISADES INTER-STATE PARK

DIVERS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Clad in thick mail he stumbles down the floor
Of the dark primeval ocean;—on his head
A casque more gross than ever helmeted
Crusader against Saracen. Before
His glass-dimmed eyes dart shapes like fiends of yore,
Or like malignant spirits of the dead,
To snatch and snap the line where through is fed
A meager air to that strange visitor.

Stumbling we grope and stifle here below
In the gross garb of this too cumbering flesh,
And draw such hard-won breaths as may be drawn,
Until, perchance with pearls, we rise and go
To doff our diver's mail and taste the fresh,
The generous winds of the eternal dawn.

THE SQUARE PEG

A SERIES OF SIX STORIES

BY DONAL HAMILTON HAINES

I—THE PARASOL

JUST how thoroughly Stephen Trent understood the real nature of his position when he returned to his native city of Medford must remain a matter for speculation. He was certainly not aware that many eyes were inspecting him appraisingly as he descended from the steps of the Pullman one spring afternoon.

These curious ones saw a tall young man dressed in gray and wearing a gray felt hat. His shoulders were broad and betrayed a very slight stoop. His face was long, with regular features, a good chin, and very pleasant blue eyes, whose expression was somewhat hidden by a pair of rimless eyeglasses. He glanced with mild interest at the groups on the station platform, gave some foundation to the report of his near-sightedness by failing to recognize two or three acquaintances whom he had not seen for some years, was taken in charge by the family coachman and driven at once to the bleak old mansion on State Street which had housed four generations of his family.

In the main those representatives of the interested element of the city which viewed the native's return were satisfied. Stephen had a satisfactory number of the Trent physical traits, his dress and bearing were beyond reproach, and he looked very much as though the fourteen years devoted to his education had been well spent.

During the first week after his arrival his conduct continued flawless. He dismissed none of the family servants and hired no new ones. He did not—as had been feared—close the old house and live at his club. He installed himself in the same set of offices which had sheltered his father and grandfather, hanging a fresh "shingle" over Elm Street, but making no other changes in the rooms save the addition of new books.

He discharged without loss of time those social obligations which were naturally incumbent upon him. He had no intimates in Medford. He had gone away to preparatory school when a boy in his teens; his visits home had been rare, and had almost entirely ceased after the death of his father eight years earlier. But he possessed either an excellent memory or an unfailing instinct, for he called on exactly the right people, went unerringly to the family pew in the Presbyterian church—in a word, appeared to fit perfectly into the niche which he was expected to fill.

But his first case, in Medford's opinion, came a little too soon. The little city (where the god of things-as-they-were had ruled for a century and bade fair to rule unchallenged to the end of time) preferred a dignified deliberation in all affairs of importance. It was generally felt that Stephen should have been given a little more time for growing into the social fabric before being called upon to expose his unscarred armor in a legal tilt. Waiting for his first client would be no hardship, since he was independent of his professional earnings. But circumstances combined to prevent this. Old Jethro Bentley, who had for years been the Traction Company's attorney, fell ill a week before the opening of court, and, as they had a single case upon the docket and must needs be looking for a new counsel, since Bentley was not immortal, they offered Stephen the chance, which he promptly accepted.

The perfect fitness of the proceeding quite obscured the element of unseemly haste. Much better, Medford thought, that Stephen's first case be one worthy of him than some mere legal bickering in the lower court.

To only one man in the city did it occur to sound Trent's own feelings on the verge of his first encounter. This was Timothy Eldredge, editor of the Medford "Telegram." He was not a native—a fact betrayed by an unmistakable Western twang—and for all he had been editing the paper more than three years, his position was by no means secure. He betrayed a tendency to live up to the promise of his fiery red hair. His radicalism had not yet carried him into any journalistic excesses, but Medford felt that it might at any moment. He and Stephen had met at the club, and the editor lost little time in visiting Trent in his offices.

"I may be meddling most unwarrantably," Eldredge said, abruptly, after they had talked for a few minutes of indifferent matters, "but it struck me you'd be none the worse off for a tip."

"I shall be very glad of it," answered Stephen, in a tone which hinted that he wasn't sure whether he really would or not.

"Glad to hear it," Eldredge said, heartily. "I don't suppose you remember Oscar Coleman, the lawyer who's against you?"

"I'm afraid I don't," replied Trent, "although the name seems vaguely familiar."

"Coleman," the editor told him, "has one foot in the grave, but is anything but a has-been. I suppose he's fought and won more hopeless cases than any lawyer in the Medford bar. A lot of people would like to say he's crooked but don't quite dare. But nobody—not even his worst enemy—isn't willing to admit his ability. I'm about the most cold-blooded of men, but I believe I'd cry with the rest if I had to sit on a jury under Oscar's eloquence

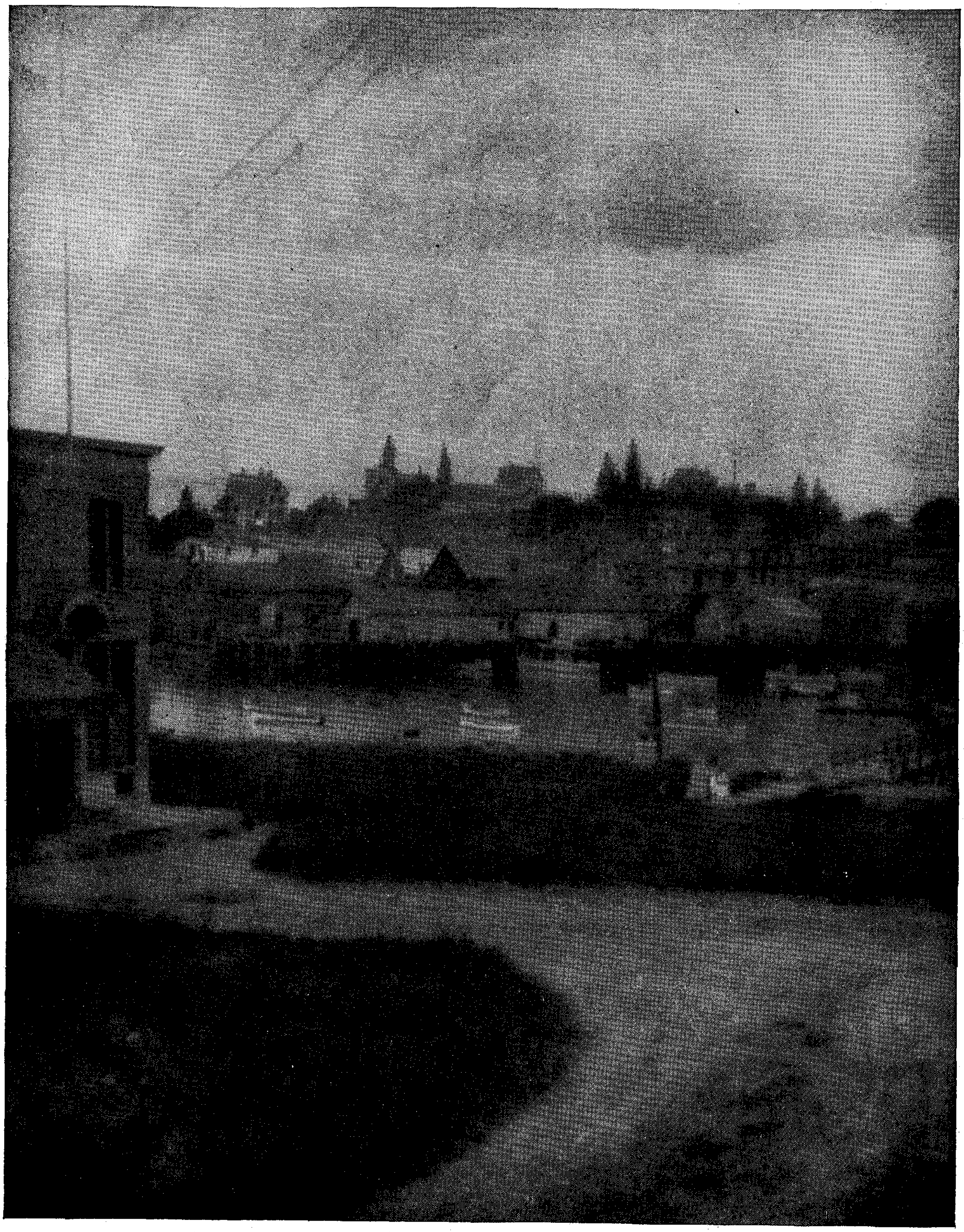
"And he'll be at his best in a damage

A MAINE SEACOAST VILLAGE

EIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS

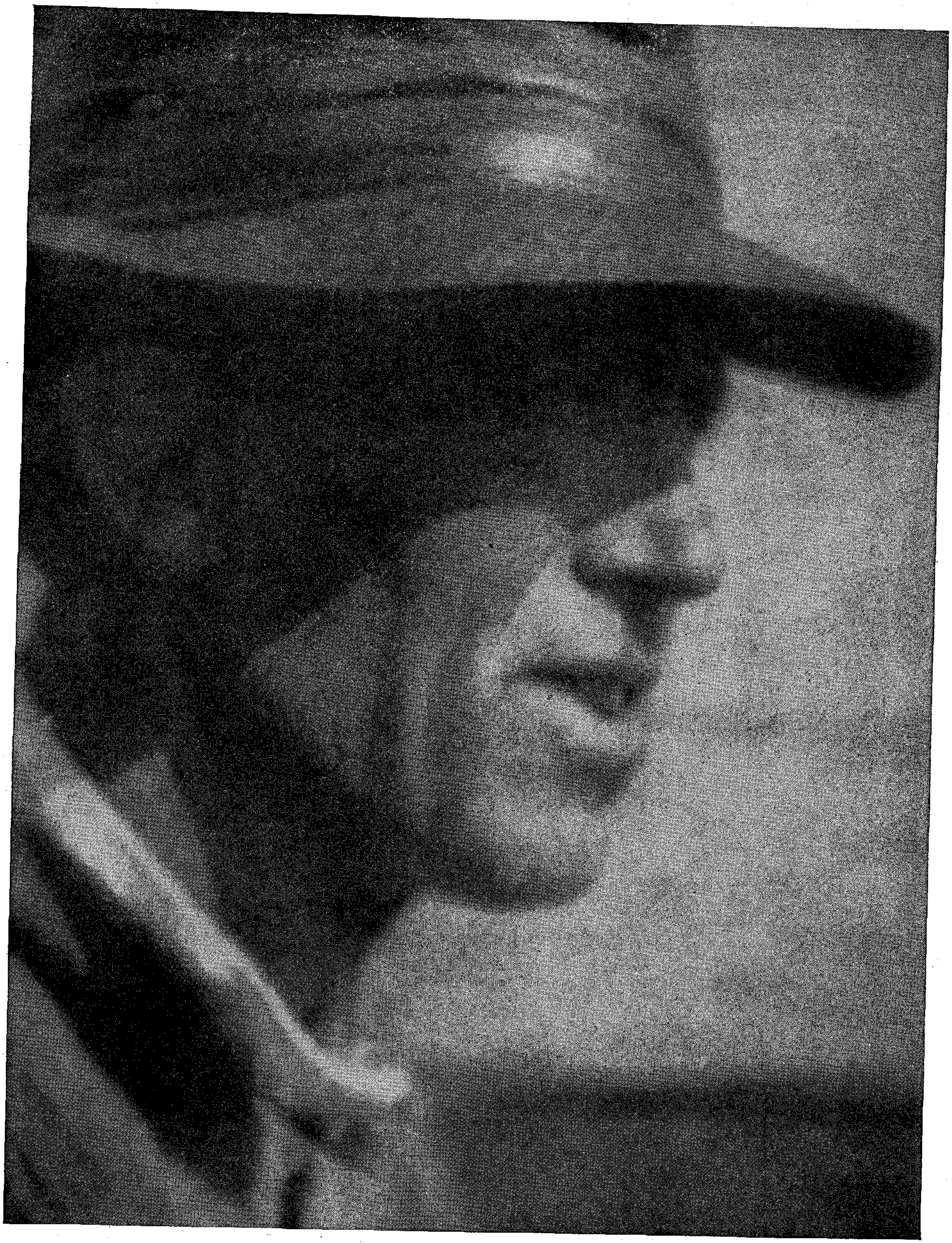
BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

MEMBER EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS OF AMERICA



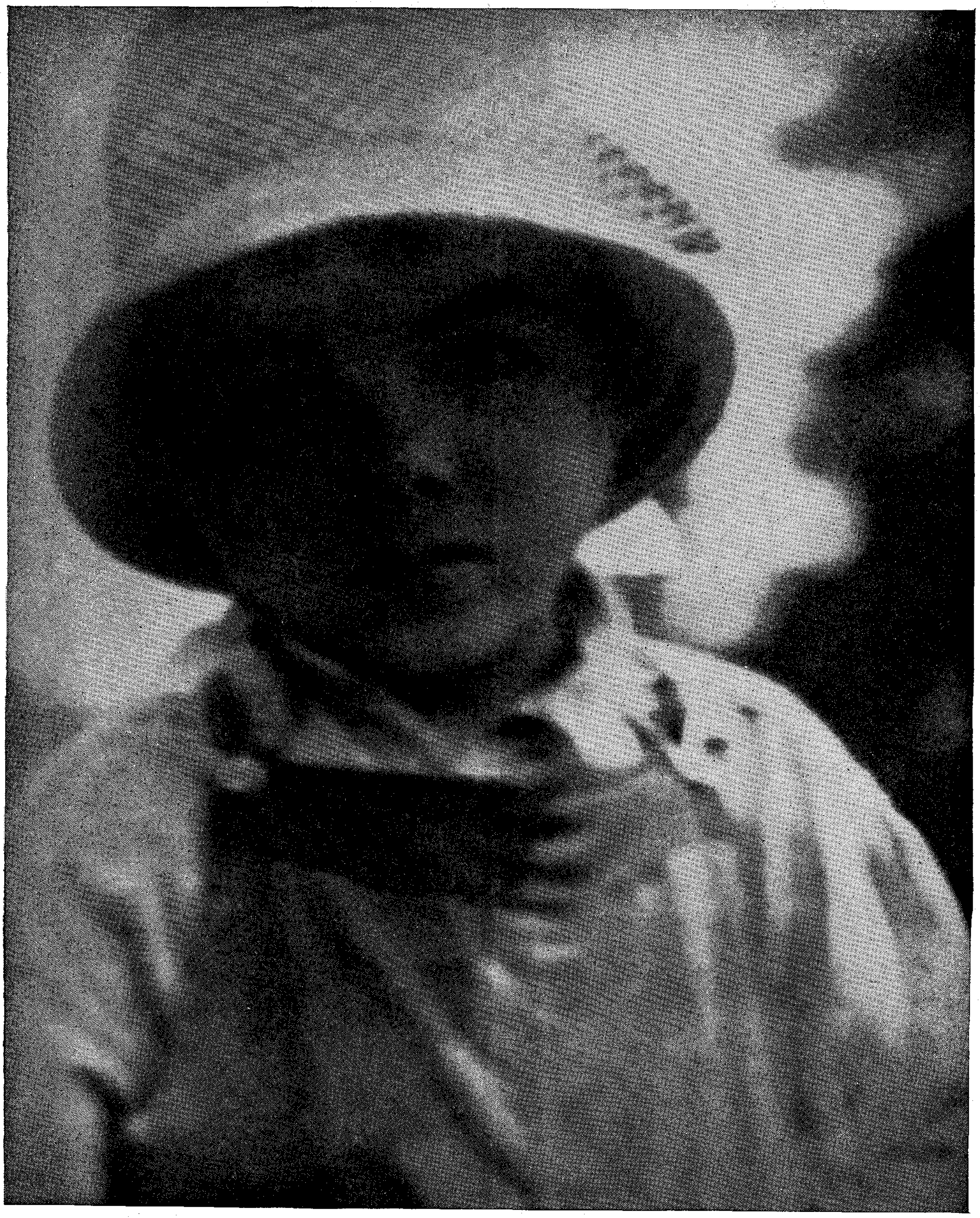
I—THE VILLAGE

Maine's seacoast is one of the most irregular shore lines in the world. Its mazes offer unlimited opportunity for motor-boat excursions; the pretty villages have a charm all their own, with oftentimes an appeal, both in their picturesque setting and their Colonial houses, that strongly attracts the artist



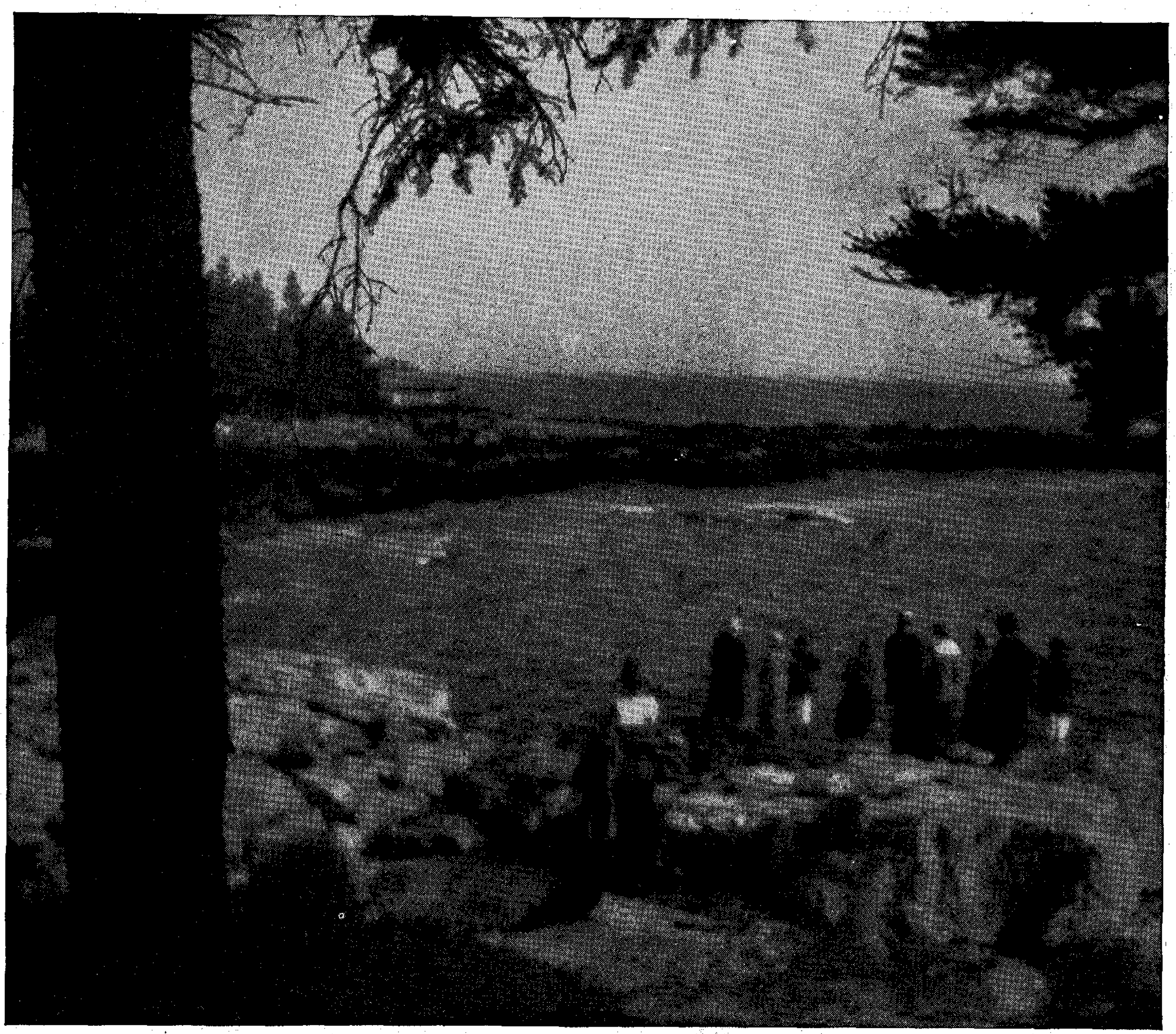
II—A NATIVE

The fisherman and the boat-builder are much in evidence on the Maine seacoast, though the days when, as the oldest inhabitant tells you, "four hundred fishing-boats could be seen in this harbor on a Saturday night and the streets were that crowded with fishermen you couldn't walk through 'em," are past. The fishermen are likable folks, tall, spare, keen-eyed, and friendly though independent in bearing



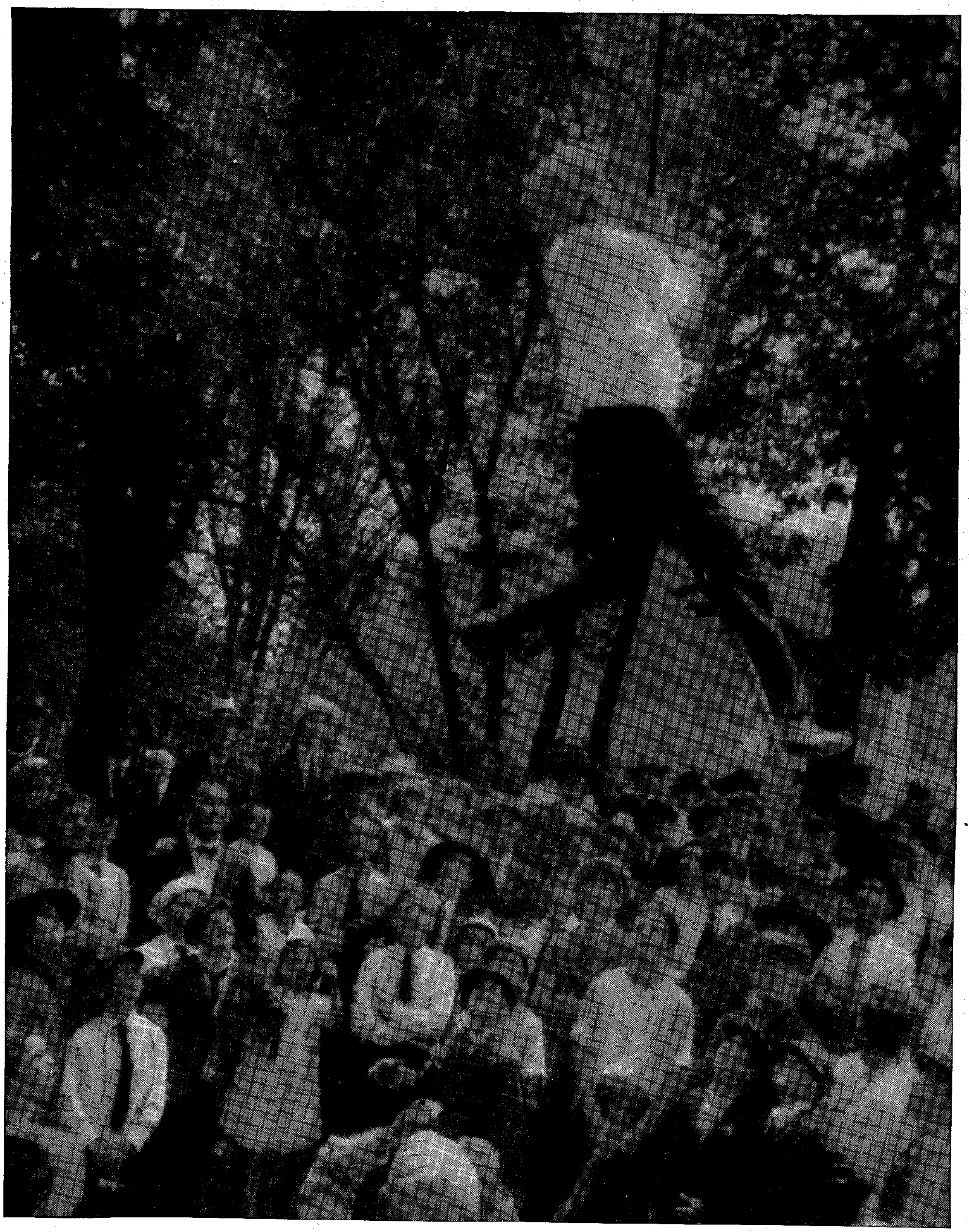
III—AN EXOTIC

The population of the Maine seacoast village is no longer exclusively "American;" the fruit dealer may be a Greek, the shoemaker a Syrian, the bootblack an Italian, and some of the seafarers Portuguese or Spanish. The children of these dark-skinned and dark-eyed people, while no doubt they are good little Americans in the making, often show unmistakably their southern European origin



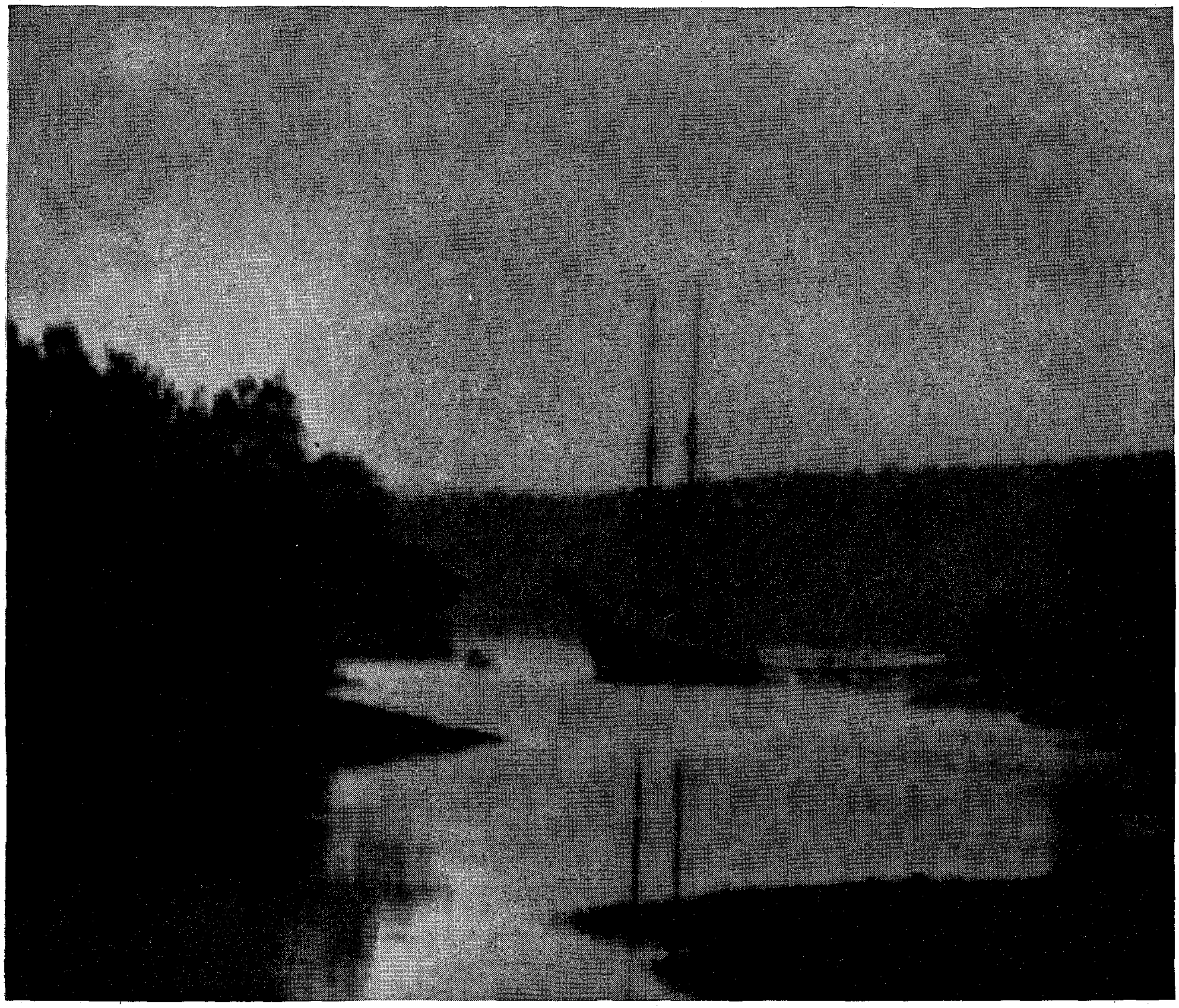
IV—THE PICNIC

Summer visitors swarm along the Maine seacoast, and picnics and clam-bakes and "fish dinners" furnish interesting outdoor diversions for them. A motor boat takes the party up one of the innumerable inlets or bays, a landing is made, a fire built, and a "spread" is soon ready, consisting partly of provisions brought from town, and partly, perhaps, of fish or lobsters or clams caught by the party or bought from neighborly fishermen



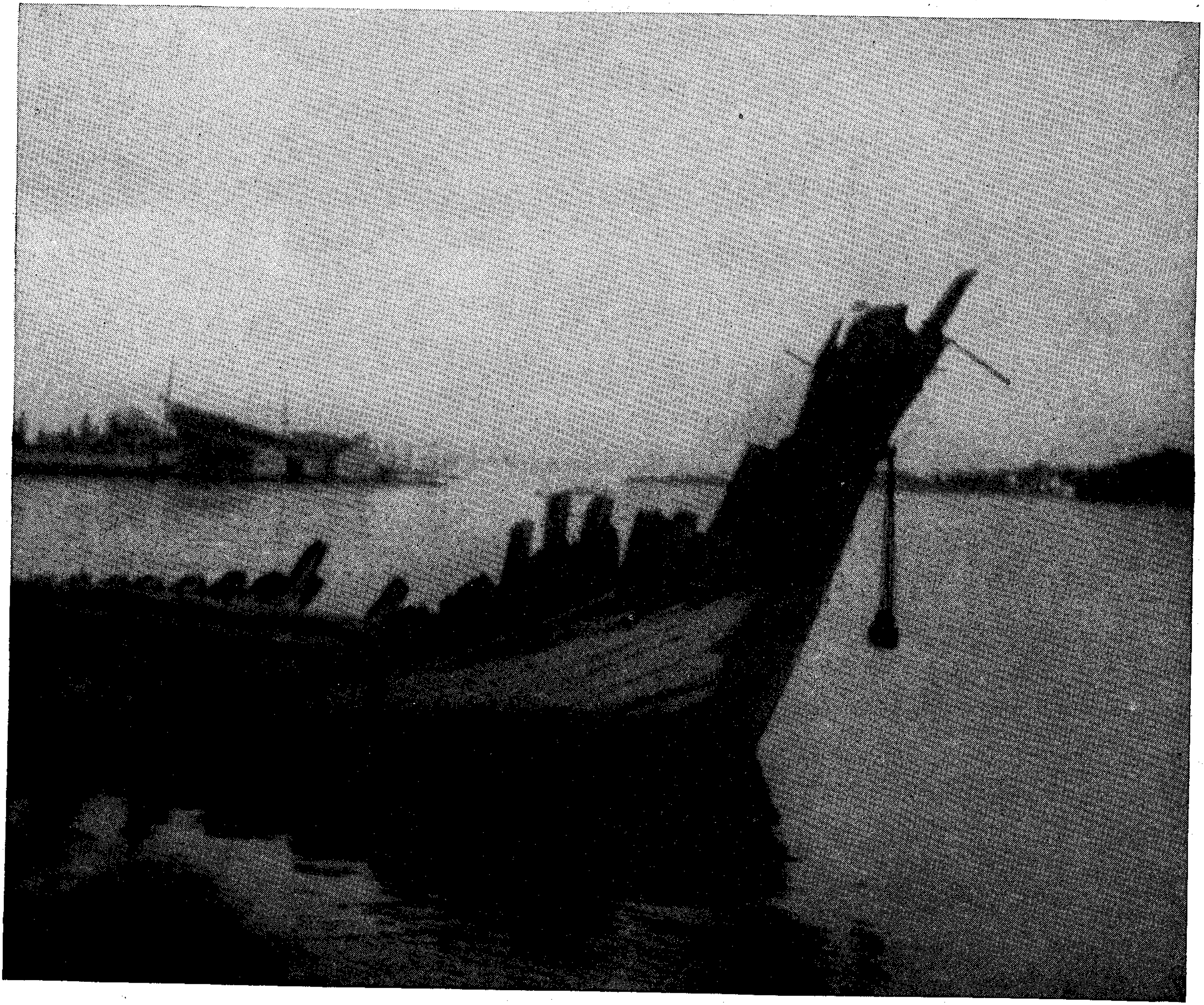
V—VILLAGE SPORTS

The Fourth of July is now mercifully rid of powder-burning except by occasional incorrigibles or irrepressibles, and instead the village organizes a grand parade, with fire-engines, Red Cross floats, an amateur brass band, "horribles" of humorous aspect notwithstanding their designation, and games and sports. The rope-climbing contest is one that brings out skilled climbers among a seafaring population



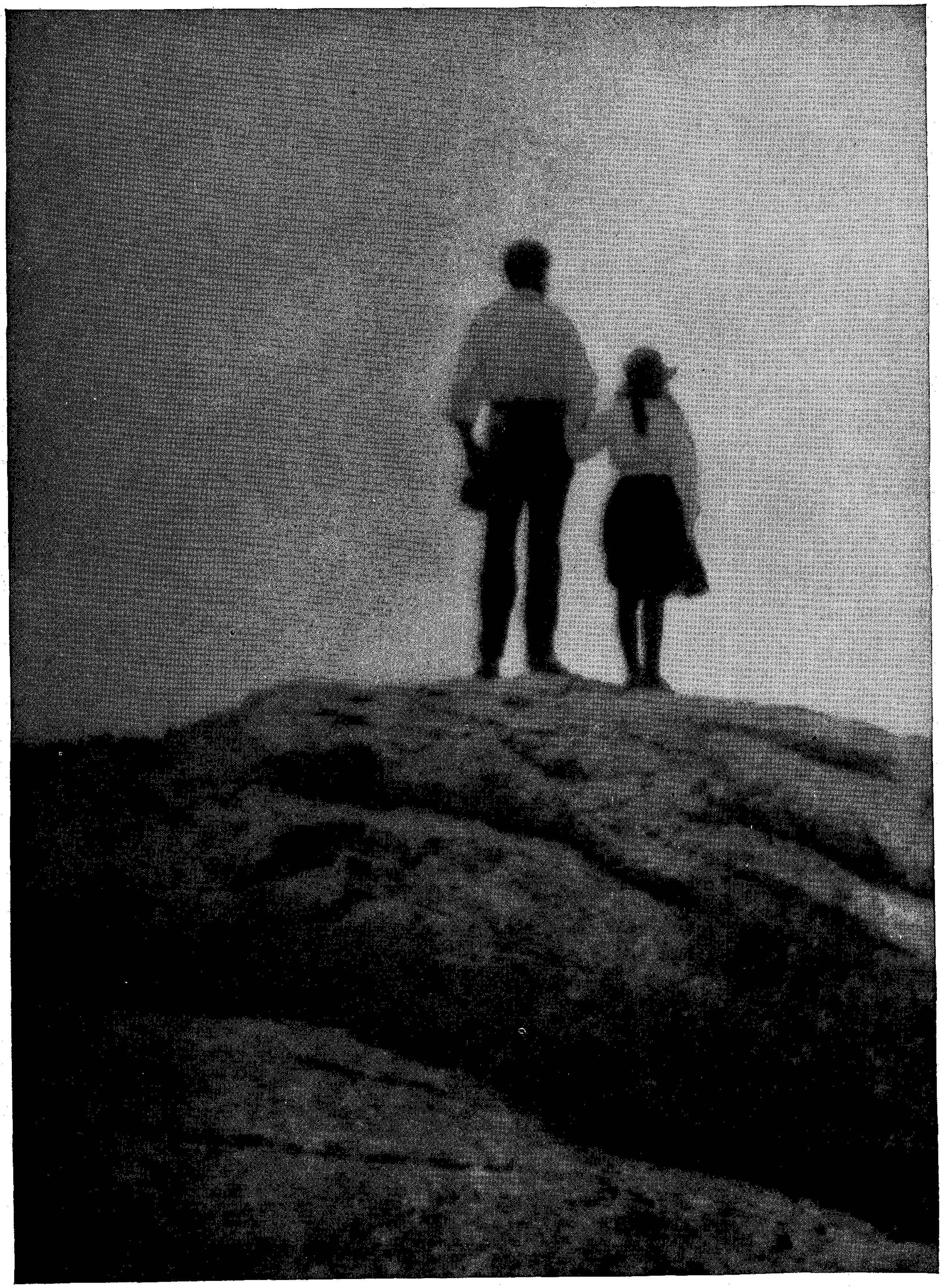
VI—AT THE HEAD OF THE COVE

The days when the village saw full-rigged ships in its spacious harbor are forever gone, but schooners a-plenty are at hand to rejoice the sea-lover with the "white and rustling sail." They go far up the inlets to take on cargoes of lumber. Some of them are a home product—built in the village, which boasts several shipyards



VII—THE GRAVEYARD

Her last voyage completed, the hulk lies stranded in the shallow waters known as "The Graveyard." For a score of years her stout timbers have defied the disintegrating forces of tide, wind, and frost. Across the bay we see what may be called "The Birthplace"—a shipyard humming with busy activities that accent the scene of decay before us



VIII—DAWN

Summer visitors form an important element of the life of the village. They fill the hotels, rent the cottages, gather into "summer colonies," gladden the hearts of the storekeepers, make the soda-water fountains resplendent with marble and onyx, and are the "life of the place" for a brief season. They are indefatigable scramblers over the rocks, and find delight even in getting up to see the sunrise suit of this sort with a pretty girl as his client. He knows the law well enough to respect or despise it according to his need. He's won nearly as many cases with it against him as in his favor. I don't suppose there's a lawyer in the world who has a lower opinion of the intelligence of juries or has made blubbering fools of more jurymen. So you want to be on your guard, Trent. Don't think you've got him whipped because you haven't left him an argument to stand on. He's at his best with his back to the wall."

"This is extremely good of you, Eldredge," Stephen said, warmly. "You know, I'm very glad to learn that my opponent is to be exactly that sort of a man."

"Are you? Why?"

Stephen did not answer at once, but sat staring over his visitor's head and through the open window; then he smiled a little self-consciously.

"I wonder," he said with some diffidence, "if you have any patience with the academic attitude of mind? I haven't had time to lose it, you see."

"I certainly have," Eldredge said, smiling in return, "because I've never had time to acquire it."

Even after this bit of preparation Eldredge was surprised at Trent's reply, which was little less than a concise profession of faith. Had Stephen been a few years younger or possessed of a smaller mind, he would have laid himself open to the charge of taking himself too seriously with youthful exaggeration of his own importance. As it was, his sincerity was decidedly impressive.

He confessed to a positive veneration for the calling he had chosen to follow. In his own eyes his position was almost sacrosanct. He had entered the ranks of a priesthood devoted to the interpretation of the law for the protection of society. In Trent's mind the law was the most precious of human institutions; the consequent responsibility resting upon his own shoulders was extremely heavy. The value of his own services must be judged not by any brilliance of personal achievement, but wholly by the fashion in which he discharged that responsibility.

"And so," he said finally, "I'm rather glad to clash with a lawyer of the type you've described, because I hold him one of the most insidious and dangerous foes of justice, and nothing will satisfy me as much as to beat him."

He came to an abrupt stop and flushed slightly.

"I didn't realize I'd been so pedantic!" he exclaimed, contritely. "I must have bored you horribly."

"Indeed you haven't," the editor answered quickly. "You've no idea how refreshing it is to find a man who conceives of his job as something a bit bigger than himself. There are altogether too few of them."

He rose from his chair and held out his hand.

"I hardly need say that I wish you luck," he said. "If you don't win, you know a deputation of citizens will demand that I bring out the next issue of my paper with a black border."

But at the foot of the stairs leading from Trent's offices to the street Eldredge paused to light a cigarette and shook his head soberly.

"Golly!" he exclaimed beneath his breath. "Suppose he *should* lose."

It is unfortunate that at this time there was no other person in Medford who possessed the quality which moved Trent to speech. To Eldredge alone did he confess his attitude toward his profession, and he had no further speech with the editor until after the trial, nor did he discuss it, save in a casual and unimportant fashion, with any one else. He had only some ten days in which to prepare for the battle, and he flung himself into the work with that concentration which was to be expected from so thorough a student. During this period his house and his office were the only places which saw him.

Medford was pleasantly agog on the morning the damage suit against the traction company came to trial. They knew from experience that when Oscar Coleman was connected with it even the driest of legal issues acquired fresh interest. This feature added to the fact of Stephen Trent's initial appearance made it a real event. The court-room was crowded some time in advance.

Stephen was late in appearing. Only the judge himself was still absent when Trent pushed his way through the swing doors marked "Attorneys Only" and went to his seat. He was credited with doing this for dramatic effect—which was sheer injustice.

The truth was that for an hour before he came to the court-house he had sat at his desk staring at the book-lined walls of his office with an empty pipe between his jaws and a complete disregard for the progress of the hands of the clock on his desk. His state of mind during this hour was much like that in which men on the verge of knighthood were wont to spend the night in prayer on their knees before their virgin armor. He got up from his chair with a start when he saw that it was five minutes of ten, but he had no eye for passer-by or any mundane thing as he strode through the streets on his way to court.

Throughout the course of the morning session Stephen's conduct, in the eyes of those who watched him, was masterly. He created a little ripple of excitement by declining to challenge a single juror, letting Coleman fill the jury-box with such men as he chose. Such confidence was impressive. Nor did he seem less sure of himself with the progress of the case. By noon, when an adjournment was taken, he had drawn from his own and Coleman's witnesses an array of facts which left the plaintiff as good as beaten already.

It was impossible that any doubt could have remained in the minds of judge or jury. Trent had built a defense bound to be proof against such eloquence as Coleman might find for the occasion. The plaintiff, Molly Capen, a twenty-year-old shop-girl, had undoubtedly been knocked down and injured by one of the Traction Company's cars. She would have for the rest of her life a slight limp, but her wage-earning ability had not been reduced. Moreover, there could be no question that the fault was wholly hers. She had crossed the street in the middle of a block instead of at the crossing, and had gone at a run, looking neither to right nor left. The car had been traveling at a speed which was not excessive, the motorman had been sounding his gong vigorously, and he had made frantic efforts to stop the car when he realized the girl's danger.

Against this flawless defense Coleman's single missile, aimed to pierce it and reach the sympathies of the jurors, had seemed a piece of bathos. He had tried to make capital of the fact that Molly Capen's heedlessness had been due to the fact that she was employing her Saturday half-holiday to go downtown and purchase a certain parasol which had for weeks been her one desire. The plaintiff's attorney fairly writhed in his effort to make capital of this flimsy bit of feminine finery. Unopposed by Trent, he led the girl to tell the whole sorry little tale; of how she had passed the window containing the treasure every day going to and from her work, how she had rashly made up her mind to buy it—although it cost almost as much as she earned in a week!—and of the thousand and one cramping little economies and deprivations by which she had finally managed to save the money. And then, on the way to buy it, she had stepped in front of the thundering car.

"Lunch with me, won't you, Trent?" Eldredge suggested, as the room began to empty at noon. "I don't believe you really know the ropes of the city well enough to eat in the right places."

He led the way to a little Italian restaurant not far off, Trent appearing very silent and preoccupied, though he accepted the invitation genially enough.

"Not too early to offer congratulations, is it?" Eldredge asked, as they sat down.

"You think I've won?" Trent asked.

"Good Lord, how can you ask? You haven't left him a leg to stand on!"

"Then you don't think that parasol is likely to have any weight with the jury?"

Eldredge looked at his companion, quite unable to believe that the question had been asked seriously.

"Of course not," he said, shortly.

Trent laid down his fork and stared out the window. His preoccupation lasted so long that the journalist was beginning to feel a little uneasy.

"Eldredge," Trent said, abruptly, "I am a square peg."

The editor of the "Telegram" was not one to speak when silence was preferable. He waited for his guest to explain.

"I am going to win my first case," Trent went on, "and I actually believe that if there was anything I could do this afternoon to change the result I should do it. I have been dwelling in a fool's paradise of pure theory. I have thought of nothing but the sacredness of the law, the priest-like nature of my own position. I know it sounds incredible, but I don't believe I realized until an hour ago that the inviolability of the law can be won only through human suffering. Can you understand that?"

Eldredge nodded, without speaking.

"This afternoon," Trent went on, "I shall make my argument exactly as I had planned it. I shall point out that the interests of corporations must be carefully shielded, because corporations are too unwieldy to defend themselves like individuals. I shall dwell at some length on the danger of bad precedents—and all the time I shall think of nothing but that poor girl hurrying to buy her treasure.

"Why, Eldredge, I did exactly the same thing twenty years ago in that very street! I was nine or ten years old, and in another Elm Street shop window—or it may even have been the same one—there was a box of lead soldiers, British grenadiers with scarlet coats and towering bearskins. If you've never wanted anything as I longed for them, you won't be able to understand. I—"

"But I have," Eldredge exclaimed quickly. "Mine was a catcher's mitt."

"It took me a month to earn the seventy-five cents that stood between me and my desire," Stephen continued, "and every day I went to that window with fear and trembling lest some more fortunate youth had bought those soldiers. I've had a lot of good days in my life, but I can't remember any that surpass the Saturday when I ran every step from the house to the store and bought those soldiers. But I spent the rest of the day playing with them on the nursery floor. I've got them yet—and that poor girl never got her parasol."

He stopped abruptly. Eldredge, his eyes on the table, gave him time to add something, but Stephen was silent, and finally the editor looked up.

"Man," he said, "do you mean to tell me that you've reached your age and collided with the first of life's sharp corners?"

"It looks it," confessed Trent. "I am no more fit to be a lawyer than I am a vivisectionist. If I followed my instincts, I'd throw my client's interest to the winds, go back into that court-room and beg the jury on my knees to give that girl every cent of the ten thousand dollars she's asked. That much money wouldn't have paid me if I'd never got my lead soldiers. What shall I do? Go back to my office and tear down my lawyer's sign?"

"I shouldn't," advised Eldredge, with a faint smile.

Trent sat for a moment motionless, staring fixedly at a spot on the wall, then suddenly he pushed back his untouched plate and fairly leaped from his seat.

"I've got it!" he cried. "Come along."

Eldredge followed him, his freckled face fairly beaming with an expression that was almost beautiful.

"But how do you know that you can find the right one?" he asked.

Trent was too occupied to realize that only a man who had read his thoughts could have asked the question. He flung out one hand in a hurried gesture.

"In a case like this," he declared, "instinct is a sure guide. I know we'll find it. But we'll have to hurry. I'm due back in court at one o'clock."

It was exactly three minutes before one when Trent entered the court-room. Again his coming had the appearance of seeking a carefully studied effect, yet this time he did not look as he had upon entering the room in the morning. Then he had been calm, unhurried, immaculate. Now he looked very much like a commuter who has just managed to catch the last train to the city. His face was flushed, he was breathing quickly, he had an air decidedly flustered, and when he removed his hat his brown hair was discovered in most undignified disorder. As he sat down in his chair he laid on the table before him a long, slim package done up in brown paper.

There was some little whispering among the spectators following Stephen's sudden entrance, particularly on the part of those who looked upon him more as the upholder of a family tradition than as an extremely promising young lawyer. No Trent within their memory had ever looked as did this young man now. It had not been their way either to exult at the prospect of victory or to appear agitated in the shadow of defeat. They mistook Stephen's evident excitement for a confession of weakness. They nudged each other and prepared for the worst.

Ten minutes sufficed to prove the groundlessness of their fears. If Trent had been master of every situation in the morning, he dominated all no less in the afternoon. It was the consensus of opinion that nothing more scholarly, finished, and yet eloquent than his address to the jury had been made in the court-room for years. Coming as it did upon the heels of Coleman's impassioned shoutings and gesticulations, it made both the arguments and methods of that veteran seem absurd, out of place, and the very perfection of futility. This feeling seemed to have reached the old campaigner himself, for in his rebuttal he fell far below his ordinary mark, made few gestures, kept his voice at almost a conversational level, evidently felt himself as good as beaten and in no mood to stultify himself by further vain efforts.

Judge Abbot's charge to the jury was almost an apology for itself. He seemed to intimate that the defendant's counsel had already done most of his work for him, to be almost minded to take the case out of the jury's hands or to order them to return a verdict. And, although the bench was not wholly free from the charge of verbosity on occasions, he took only five or six minutes for his present task.

The jury did not even leave their seats; they merely leaned toward each other with much whispering and nodding of heads. Trent did not so much as glance at them. His eyes never left Molly Capen, who sat nervously biting her handkerchief, while her lawyer, one hand on the back of her chair, talked to her in inaudible tones.

One Prouty, a harness-maker, hastily made foreman of the jury, stood awkwardly in his place and announced in a shaky voice that he and his fellows found that the plaintiff had no cause for action.

And then, in the midst of sudden silence, and before the slight outbreak of excitement bound to follow even the expected verdict, there came the sharp sound of tearing paper. All eyes went quickly to Trent, who had suddenly risen from his chair and torn the wrapper from a gaudy white-and-scarlet woman's parasol. While everybody watched him he crossed the room and held it out to the girl.

"Is this it?" he asked.

She had not seen his approach. Her head had been bent and the bit of handkerchief at her eyes. At his words she looked up, her face lighted up like a child's, and she stretched out both hands.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed as she took it.

Trent stood watching her for an instant, then turned and raised his head. He encountered a most unusual spectacle. The room was perfectly quiet and everybody was looking at him. What followed was utterly without precedent in the annals of the Medford County Court, and yet at the moment it seemed not merely natural but inevitable. Stephen flung up his head with a little half-smile and began speaking as easily and without embarrassment as an hour before he had spoken to the jury.

"I have just given Miss Capen the parasol of which we have all heard so much," he said, "because it seemed the one thing I could do. I have been the instrument of bringing great unhappiness into her life. For that there was no help; I had no choice. But I did not want her nor any one else to think that I was not sorry for her, that I did not wish that all that we have just been through might have been avoided. I think that almost every one of us has at some time or other lost a pretty parasol or something like it. I know I have."

He paused, but it was evident that he was going to say more, and no one moved. The court crier, who had served for years, sat with his gavel poised, his eye beseechingly on the judge, uncertain whether or not he should rap for order.

"I don't think I understood until a few minutes ago just what a lawyer's business is," Trent went on. "I thought that he must satisfy nothing but his own conscience; I see now that his duty is not so much to be pitiless as merciful. I hope I may do that."

He stopped, bent his head a little, as though suddenly conscious of what he had done, swept his hat from the desk, and was through the swing-doors into the corridor—but not far enough to be unable to hear the first applause which had ever broken out in the room behind him and gone unrebuked by the aged crier.

HOW TO SET UP A CAMP

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

THE camping movement, extending now over our entire country, is making ideal vacations accessible to men, women, and children who formerly had no way of getting into the open country.

New camps were started last year by churches, Sunday schools, manufacturing establishments, labor unions, clubs of all kinds, schools, settlements, philanthropic institutions, neighborhoods, and municipalities. One thinks immediately of Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp-Fire Girls, Woodcraft League, Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. No one knows how many individual families moved to summer canvas, nor how many lads with packs on their backs went two by two into the green wilderness.

Established camping principles underlie the success of every camp, whether it is as large as Camp Seeley, California, which cares for a group of three hundred and fifty at a time, or whether it comprises one pup tent set on a grassy knoll. Each venture has certain problems of its own, varying with locality, size, and the ages, sex, health, and interests of its campers. These problems must be solved individually. But the fundamentals of camping have been worked out by organizations which have for many years maintained successful summer colonies at the seashore, in the mountains, and by the lakes. Most of the essentials apply equally to simple cottage life. Although the data for this article are chiefly from good-sized camps, the underlying principles are equally relevant to the single log cabin and the family tent.

The site, the tents or buildings, and the equipment must first of all be carefully planned.

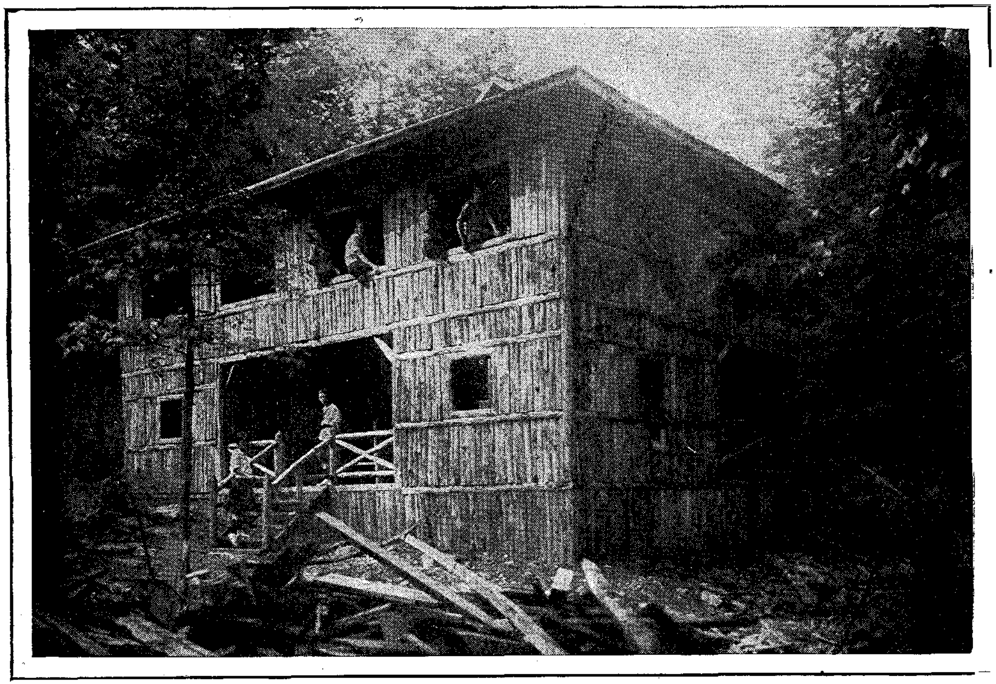
The selection of the site involves consideration of privacy, water supply, natural drainage, fuel, sanitation, food supplies, and transportation.

One wants a spot in the real country, off the highway, and absolutely different from home scenery. Privacy is necessary to the harmonious development of a camp programme. The proximity of an amusement park will, for instance, throw the whole camp out of gear. A level stretch of ground is needed for baseball and athletic meet, whether the camp is for boys or girls. Of course one must have a campfire. The surrounding country must be suitable for hikes and nature study. Boating and bathing and swimming are very desirable.

The water supply must be above suspicion. If the Garden of Eden is offered you rent free, don't sign the papers until you have looked in the spring. State Boards of Health are usually glad to test water free. It should be examined twice a season, as the water in August may be very different from the water in July.

A spring is best. Be sure it is covered. Encourage the green frogs to live in it, as they are busy little house-cleaners. Never drink from an old well till the water has been tested, some unfortunate animal may have fallen in. Avoid wells near stables, outhouses, and kitchen sink-drains.

If you are compelled to use brook water, follow the brook and its branches to the sources to make sure no camps or farmhouses are situated on it. Post signs saying that the water is used for drinking. Instruct your campers implicitly on the danger of polluting the water. Running water does not purify itself. Lake water pumped from off shore, if filtered, may be used for washing and bathing.



NEW TYPE OF DOUBLE-DECK MESS HALL WITH DORMITORY ABOVE, ESPECIALLY GOOD FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

You cannot be too fussy about the water supply. Hold it guilty till it has proved itself pure.

The camp, whether it be a costly structure or a circular tent, must be set on a bit of land with natural drainage, above possible floods. A tent should have a trench dug round the back and sides. No experienced camper ever chooses a depression. Ideally one has sun in the morning and shade in the afternoon; always one has sun a part of the day. Be on your guard against excessive dampness, swamps, and fogs.

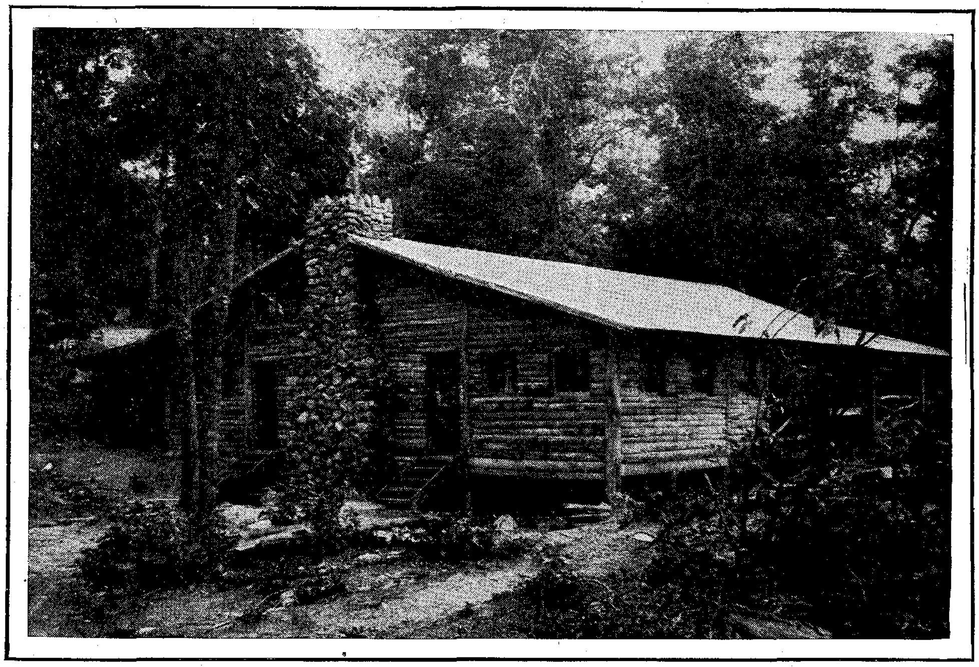
Lest all this advice seem over-precaution, let me tell you of the experience of a man who started a camp for boys. He chose a charming spot in the hollow of three hills, beside a burbling brook, opposite a swamp gay with purple flag flowers. He set up the tents and brought the boys. Then he discovered that the spring was three-quarters of a mile too far away. Mosquitoes arrived from the swamp. Then rains came. The water swept down the sides of the three hills till the camp was sodden. The fifth day every one went home, most of them sick. Th man was no fool either. He simply didn know about sites.

The fuel supply must be considered. The cook will want coal for cooking if i can be obtained, but the camp-fire an the fireplace demand wood. Permissio for cutting should be obtained beforehand from the owners if the land i privately owned, or from the Park Commission if the land belongs to the State. Dead trees only should be cut. If it is necessary to use growing timber, cut from thickets where the remaining trees will be benefited by letting in the sunlight. Members of the College of Forestry of the State universities are usually willing to advise about cutting.

Sanitation vies with the water supply in importance. City folk, accustomed to having waste taken care of automatically by the city, can innocently turn a forest paradise into a pesthole. Careful arrangements must be made beforehand and rigidly adhered to during the season. The best toilets are various patented devices on the market. They are large aseptic tanks to hold the sewage, which is treated with a preparation made up largely of caustic soda. The tanks must be pumped out once or twice a season.

The simplest device for small camps is the ordinary cesspool, dug in the earth and treated with ordinary lime. At the end of the season the contents should be buried with earth. It should be at a distance from the kitchen and from any body of water. Any toilet must be kept scrupulously clean.

For garbage disposal several patent incinerators are on the market. Plans for building a military incinerator may be obtained from the office of the Surgeon.



EXTERIOR OF SIMPLY CONSTRUCTED MESS AND RECREATION HALL WITH KITCHEN AND STOREROOM INCLOSED, AND OPEN-AIR MESS HALL

General of the War Department, at Washington, D. C. The success of this incinerator depends upon its careful operation. To dispose of garbage in a small camp dig a deep hole, put small stones in the bottom and large stones on top of them. Burn garbage, cans, and all other refuse daily with the aid of oil.

Use tightly covered cans made without ridges to hold the garbage till it is burned. Clean them daily with hot water.

As for mosquitoes. Drain swamps. Open up bogs to let fishes in to eat the larva. To free the shores of an artificial lake, lower the water in the fall, cut out the brush, and let the ground freeze to kill the larva, before raising the water again to its former level. Mosquitoes breed in decayed tree stumps and in depressions where trees have been taken out. Treat the stumps with crude oil and fill the hollows in the ground with sand.

Screen all toilets. This is absolutely necessary. Screen buildings as far as possible to keep out flies and deer or black flies as well as mosquitoes. A sweep of air through an open structure is almost as good as screening, providing no food is left about.

Resources for food supplies and the transportation of food and campers must enter into consideration. Milk, vegetables, fruit, ice, and so forth must be obtained. The cost of transportation and the time it takes are factors in the success of the camp.

Camp structures may be tents or wooden buildings. Tents should have wooden floors. Wooden walls half-way up are fine. Get the best-grade canvas. This may be waterproofed. Wooden cabins last longer, and are easier to take care of. A central mess and recreation hall with detached sleeping cabins is the arrangement in large camps.

Camp Seeley, in the San Bernardino Mountains, under the Los Angeles Playground Commission, takes the family as the camp unit. Sleeping cabins with wood floors, half-wood walls, and canvas, which can be rolled up, are divided to accommodate two families. A central social hall contains also kitchen, storerooms, and some bedrooms for winter use. The dining-room in that rainless region is a cement floor under the trees, furnished with wooden tables and benches. A huge "powwow" center is built around a camp-fire pit.

Two types of central mess and recreation hall are in use in the camps at Palisades Inter-State Park, New York and New Jersey, where last year over fifty thousand campers were housed. Part of the halls are large open structures, with inclosed sections for kitchen and offices. The open section, like a great veranda, is large enough for games and dancing besides the tables and benches. The detached wood sleeping cabins accommodate eight, sixteen, and thirty-two. At the ends of these cabins and along their sides are doors made in two parts, after the old Dutch fashion. In rainy weather the lower part can be closed, changing doors into windows. The overhanging eaves are further protection against rain.

The other type of mess and recreation hall is a two-story building. The ground floor is partly inclosed and partly open. The upper story is a dormitory. This compact unit is better for young children, timid girls, and mothers with babies.

However you build your camp, *don't forget the* FIREPLACE! Build it broad and deep and high. It is the flaming heart of the camp.

The wash-houses included in each camp unit at Palisades Inter-State Park are simple and convenient. Water in a pipe with taps at intervals runs down the center over a trough. A couple of laundry tubs are placed in the same building. As the camps are all on lakes, there is no bath-tub problem.

A tent for an infirmary should be set a little removed from camp activities. Some camps have separate laundries, but laundering should be reduced to a minimum. Individual lockers are desirable in all camps. The corners of the dormitories can be used for cupboards. A young woman's camp must have more mirrors, clothes hooks, and storage space than children's camps need. Some privacy can be obtained by cutting the dormitory into sections with curtains hung from rods.

Houses, sheds, and barns can be utilized for camps instead of new buildings. The Y. W. C. A. is most resourceful in this. Last summer they set up camps in all sorts of buildings. Near Little Rock, Arkansas, they secured a building in an abandoned amusement park on the shore of a stream. Near Montgomery, Alabama, a big summer residence in a grove of oak

INTERIOR OF A SIMPLY CONSTRUCTED OPEN-AIR MESS HALL and pine became a camp. A three-story cabin on an island in the Columbia River housed Nashville, Tennessee, girls. In Jacksonville, Florida, an open-air school had already all the requisites with luxuries added. Girls from New Orleans had an ancient Southern mansion on the Gulf of Mexico, while girls from Memphis, Tennessee, roughed it in a camp in the Ozark Mountains. The limit of utilizing what lies at hand was reached when the Y. W. C. A., North China Conference, wrote that it had secured for its swimming tank the former "home of the Sacred Gold Fish!"

Camping principles apply even when one starts with an ancient stone mansion. Special attention should be paid, when using houses, to the ventilation of the dormitories. The dining-room should be airy and have the best of views.

Equipment in camp should be substantial—suitable for wear and exposure. Beds may vary from iron cots with good springs and cotton-felt mattresses to canvas bunks. Single beds of course. Felt mattresses demand fumigation "between parties," while straw ticks can be emptied, washed, and filled with fresh straw. All-wool army blankets are best. Some camps provide them, while others have the campers bring their own blankets. The matter of fumigating blankets between parties must be considered.

Dining-tables may be made of boards. If it is necessary to move them during recreation, ordinary table tops on horses are best. Benches fastened to the tables are preferable for youngsters. Adults can be trusted with folding chairs.

Provide a chance to write letters. A first-aid kit should be in every camp. Life-preservers should be at hand. One rowboat, painted a different color, should always remain at the landing for use in emergencies. Flat-bottom boats are safest. A slide into the water is good fun. A bathing crib made of logs in the lake preserves those learning to swim. The piano stays indoors, but the Victrola travels with the crowd.

Provide for both boys and girls basket-ball, baseball paraphernalia, water ball, volley ball, and net, quoits, bean-bags, and anything else you think of for outdoor games. Haversacks are fine for hikes, and spy-glasses bring birds near.

For indoor games, rainy days and evenings, the leaders will appreciate indoor quoits, indoor baseball, and table games, including checkers, parchesi, dominoes, authors, and picture puzzles.

A final bit of advice from an experienced camp director: "Before you build your camp let a woman see the plans."

THE AMERICA'S CUP ONCE MORE

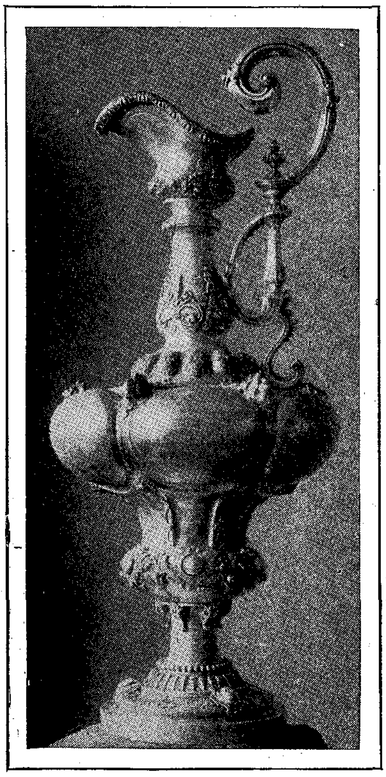
BY W. J. HENDERSON

Mr. Henderson, the author of the following article, is a newspaper man, musical critic, and yachting expert. He has long been recognized as an authority on the history and science of yacht building and yacht sailing.—THE EDITORS.

IN 1851, Queen Victoria being in the fourteenth year of her reign, Britain held an industrial exposition. The Royal Yacht Squadron offered a cup valued at about $500, open to all comers, and, although yachting was still in its infancy here, that cup loomed large on the eastern horizon. The New York Yacht Club was only seven years old, but our fast clipper ships and swift, weatherly pilot-boats were famous. An American in England suggested sending over one of our pilot-boats to race against British schooners. The famous Stevens brothers (John C. and Edwin A.), enthusiastic yachtsmen, together with George L. Schuyler, entered into negotiations with William H. Brown, of Williamsburg, to build them a schooner. Brown's foreman was George Steers, designer of pilot-boats, and he now designed the schooner-yacht America. She was tested against the big sloop Maria, which beat her in smooth water, but nevertheless the dauntless three sent her across to face the Britons.

No races had been arranged before she left this side. Her owners sent her to seek her fortune trusting that British confidence would readily admit her to all contests. But the significant fact remains that America was not an ordinary yacht which happened to have luck. She was designed and built to defeat the British just as surely as any cup defender of to-day. On August 22, 1851, she beat the whole English squadron handily, and the prize became the America's Cup.

In 1857, on Mr. Schuyler's initiative, the owners of the cup made it a perpetual international trophy, with the New York Yacht Club trustee. The conditions were that any yacht of from thirty to three hundred tons belonging to a foreign club could be a challenger on giving six months' notice, including name, rig, length, and custom-house measurement. The more detailed conditions of to-day were made later.



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THE AMERICA'S CUP

Mr. James Ashbury revived the interest in the old trophy in 1868, when he sent a very ambitious challenge to the New York Yacht Club to meet his vessel first in English waters, then race across the ocean, and later battle for what he mistakenly called "the America's Queen's Cup." The American yachtsmen were not impressed with any part of his proposition except that relating to the cup. Mr. Ashbury was the owner of a fine schooner called Cambria, 188 tons by Thames measurement. She seemed a tempting marine victim to the New York Yacht Club. Mr. Ashbury asked terms not in accord with the deed of gift, and these could not be granted. On the other hand, the New York Yacht Club did not seem to make it patent to the challenger that he was not to sail the champion American schooner, but the whole fleet of the club. There has been much acrimonious discussion of the treatment of Mr. Ashbury, and many efforts have been made to represent him as a maker of feeble excuses; but the fact is that he was not very well used. He raced his yacht against the famous old Dauntless across the Atlantic to New York and won. Then he was faced by fourteen yachts in a single race for the cup, and finished eighth. None of the vessels in this contest was specially designed for the purpose. It was a sporting affair based on an owner's belief in his own property.

These details have been given to show how the first challenge for the cup differed from the elaborate preparations of later years. In 1871 Mr. Ashbury came again with the new schooner Livonia, designed by Michael Ratsey especially to "lift the cup." There was again much acidulated correspondence about terms, but finally the New York Yacht Club met the Livonia, holding the Columbia, Sappho, Dauntless, and Palmer (none specially designed as defenders) to represent this country. The Columbia and Sappho managed to dispose of the visitor.

After two attempts by the Canadians (with the Countess of Dufferin and Atalanta) the modern series began in 1885 with the challenge of Sir Richard Sutton with the cutter Genesta. For the honor of defense of the cup two sloops, Puritan and Priscilla, battled. The former, chosen to meet the challenger, was designed by Edward Burgess, of Boston, for a syndicate headed by J. Malcolm Forbes. She easily beat the Genesta, though the twenty miles to leeward and return in a fresh breeze was a real contest. It was at this time that numerous popular misconceptions, aided by much loose and ignorant newspaper writing, became fixed.

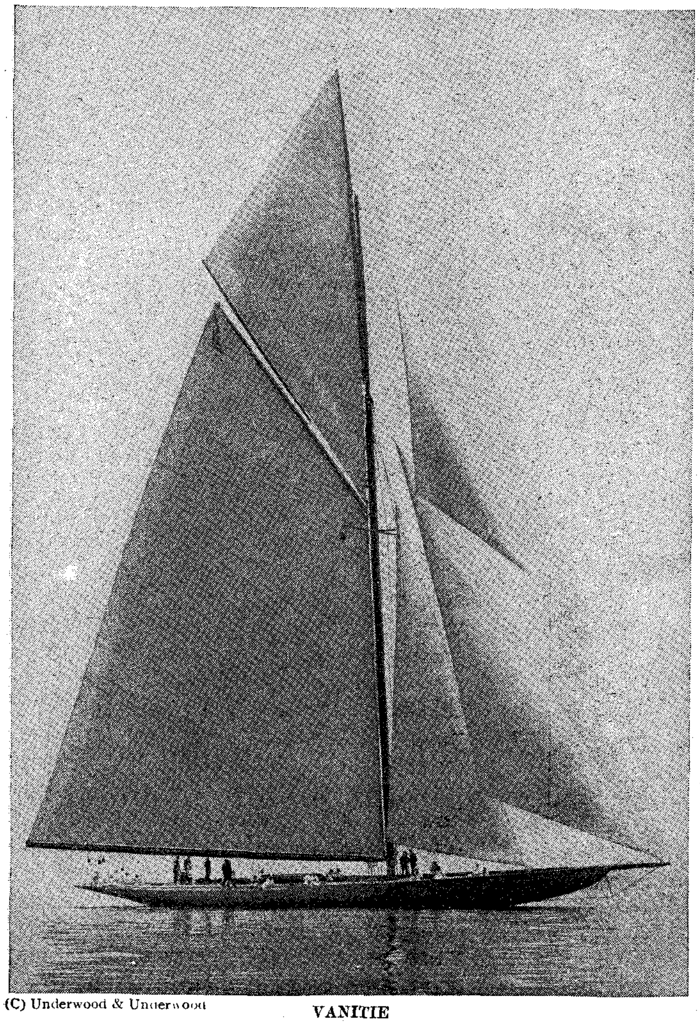
It was believed that Puritan won because she was a centerboard sloop, and for that reason could point closer to the wind than her opponent. The centerboard was acclaimed as a Yankee invention which surpassed the British keel. The same delusion prevailed in 1886 when Lieutenant William Henn arrived with a new challenger, Galatea. Like the Genesta, she had not been specially designed to race for the cup. Two new yachts were built here, namely, Mayflower, designed by Burgess for General Charles J. Paine, of Boston, and friends, and Atlantic, designed by Philip Ellsworth for Latham A. Fish, of New York, and others. Puritan and Priscilla competed with these in trial races resulting in the selection of Mayflower, which beat Galatea badly. Again many declared that the victory was due to the centerboard.

Paul Thompson

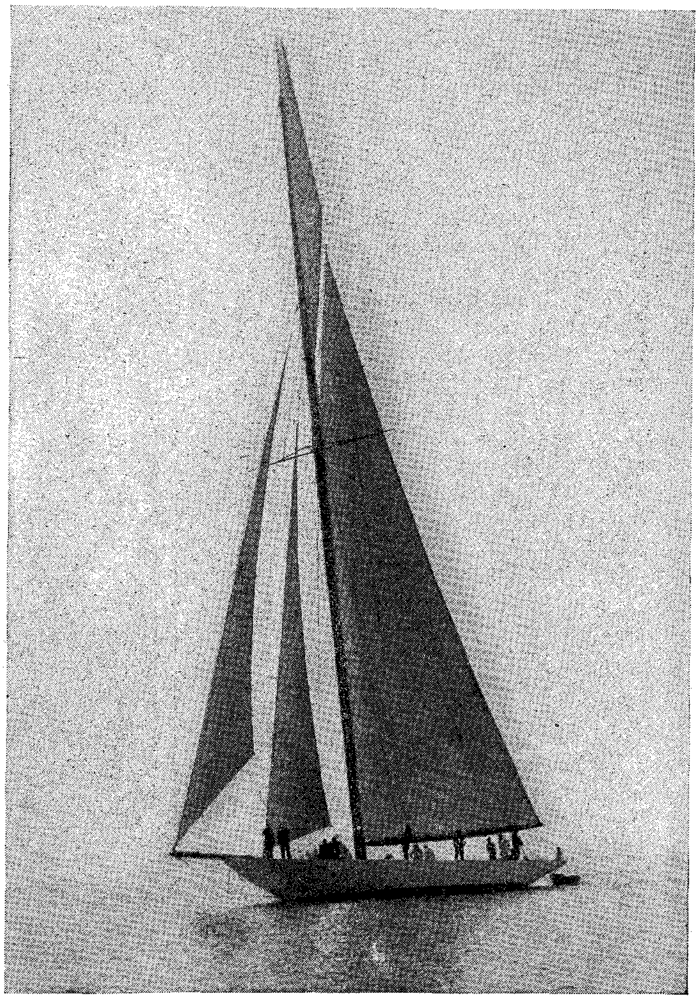
SIR THOMAS LIPTON, THE CHALLENGER

Britain was now aroused, and George L. Watson, a distinguished yacht architect, was commissioned by a syndicate to design the Thistle, a new type of cutter having unusually wide beam. General Paine and Mr. Burgess responded with Volunteer, our first metal defender, but still a centerboard yacht. Chosen in the trial races, she defeated the challenger mercilessly. Next came the series of Dunraven races with the vessels called Valkyrie and distinguished by series numbers.

With the Thistle began the construction of what have been called "freak" yachts. The great innovations in Thistle were her unusual beam and the extreme cutting away of her forward underbody. Newspapers made desperate efforts to get her lines immediately after her arrival, but they were kept secret till she was hauled out. Undoubtedly our designers obtained some hints from her as to how water-line length might be conserved while sail area was increased. The first Valkyrie was lost, and Lord Dunraven made his initial attempt at the cup with Valkyrie II, one of the prettiest boats Britain ever sent us, and as smart


(C) Underwood & Underwood

VANITIE


International

RESOLUTE

DEFENDERS OF THE CUP AGAINST THE SHAMROCK IV, SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S YACHT a handler as I ever saw. But Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, who succeeded Burgess as champion designer, produced a particularly wholesome model in Vigilant, which was opposed for the honor of defending the trophy by Colonia, a keel yacht also turned out from the Herreshoff yards. Jubilee, a fin-keel yacht built for General Paine and others, and Pilgrim, another fin-keel of canoe shape, designed by George Stewart for Bayard Thayer and associates, also entered the trials. Vigilant was chosen and handily beat Valkyrie II, whereupon Lord Dunraven tried it again in 1895 with Watson's Valkyrie III. The American champion was Defender, a Herreshoff yacht, built of aluminum and having a plain keel, a fact which put the centerboard delusion to rout. There is no need to repeat the unsavory history of that year. Lord Dunraven asserted that trickery had been practiced by C. Oliver Iselin, manager, or Captain Hank Haff, skipper of the Defender. The case was tried before an august tribunal, and Dunraven was expelled from the New York Yacht Club.

Sir Thomas Lipton then rose to the marine zenith. He challenged in 1898 and raced in 1899 with Shamrock I, about which the most significant fact at this time is that she was built to beat cup conditions. On a water-line of 87.69 feet and a beam of 25 feet, she carried a sail area of 13,491.82 square feet, while Columbia's length was 89.66, beam 24, and sail area 13,135.45. Shamrock I was remarkable for her excellent lines. However, in Columbia Herreshoff turned out, without question, the handsomest yacht afloat up to that time, and one of the cleanest and smoothest sailers ever seen. She defeated the challenger easily enough to please the multitude which witnessed the contests, but not enough to daunt Sir Thomas Lipton, who immediately announced that he would build another and better Shamrock.

The second yacht of the name was 89.25 feet long on the water-line. But when she was hauled out students of design had an opportunity to see how far Britain's marine architect, George L. Watson, had traveled from the Thistle idea. Shamrock II had practically no more underbody than a Great South Bay catboat. She was all keel. Two new yachts were turned out here to struggle for cup defense honors. Constitution and the famous Thomas W. Lawson 90-foot scow Independence both failed to satisfy the America's Cup Committee of their superiority, and Columbia was chosen once more to meet the invader. She won her races, but in one of them Shamrock II lost only because her sailing-master did not know the trick of a northwest wind blowing to sea just south of the Highlands. Captain Hank Haff, succeeded by Charles Barr as skipper of the cup defender, Harry Haff, and the writer were on the press boat and simultaneously noted the error and agreed on its significance.

This defeat of 1901 spurred Sir Thomas Lipton to another trial. In 1903 he arrived with Shamrock III, and again found the New York Yacht Club champion Reliance just a trifle too speedy. The new challenger was very fine in lines and scant of underbody, while her sail-carrying power was large. But Herreshoff had made a boat which could not be beaten at spread of canvas. Sir Thomas Lipton went home and took a rest. But he was here again with still another Shamrock in 1914, when the Great War caused a postponement of the races. The contest of the present year is the result.

The most significant feature of the challenge of 1914 was the stipulation that the new seeker after the old trophy should not be built to the limit. Yachtsmen had long felt that the building and maintenance of gigantic ninety-footers was becoming an intolerable burden, and they were very well pleased when Sir Thomas Lipton suggested that a race be arranged between vessels of seventy-five feet water-line. The American yachtsmen were under no obligation to agree to such conditions. If the challenger elected to come with a seventy-five footer, they could, under the deed of gift, meet him with a ninety-footer, and take their chances of the time allowance. In all ordinary cases this would be safe, for yachtsmen well know that "a good big yacht can beat a good little one." But sportsmanship dictated a meeting on equal terms, and consequently two American yachts were designed and built. Vanitie, the Gardiner product, will be commanded by George Nichols, with Sterling Hoyt and W. Sergeant Burgess as his aids. Resolute, the latest Herreshoff boat, will be handled by the famous amateur Charles Francis Adams, with Robert Emmons and John Parkinson as his mates. Shamrock IV will be sailed by W. P. Burton, Vice-President of the British Yacht Racing Association, who has had larger experience with big sloops than any of the Americans. The handling of all these racers will thus be confided to yachtsmen instead of professional skippers, and this in itself should lend an element of special interest to the contest. To believers in perfection of design the scheme will be unsatisfactory, for they will hold that the beaten yacht was not given a fair opportunity to show what she could do. But for the mass of sport lovers the personal element will certainly prove most attractive.

Shamrock IV will be tuned up in races with another Shamrock, known as the twenty-three-meter yacht; but, no matter what showing she may make in trials, the issue of the cup contest will be in doubt. Shamrock III twice broke all records over a thirty-mile course off Sandy Hook, yet she was defeated in the great races. Shamrock IV is said to carry an enormous sail spread, and is likely to have to give a heavy time allowance to either Vanitie or Resolute. On the other hand, it is by no means improbable that her water-line measurement may be considerably less than that of her competitor. In this case the allowance may not be large or may disappear altogether. Yacht handicapping is a delicate and complicated matter, and the experts have not yet reached entirely satisfactory conclusions. Our own defenders have had to give allowance, but have never had any difficulty in saving it, as the phrase goes. Shamrock II had to allow Columbia 43 seconds over a 30-mile course, and in one race succeeded in finishing 2 seconds ahead. It may be that, in some of the coming races, the challenger will cross the line in the lead, but not sufficiently far to "save her time."

Doubtless the early misconceptions of the popular mind in regard to models have disappeared. Centerboard yachts of large size are very scarce now, and few persons believe that windward work is a sort of magic due to the movable keel. Mr. Watson produced in Valkyrie II a yacht which, in certain favorable conditions, could outwind Vigilant, a centerboarder. But when the series of Shamrocks began, it was soon made clear that the British naval architects had come to a conclusion that the centerboard model was not without certain decided merits, the least of which, however, was the board itself. Certain features of the later Shamrocks must have recalled to old yachtsmen the skimming-dishes of early days. If the keel had been removed, a trunk built in and a centerboard dropped through it, the model would have been found to bear an interesting resemblance to that of the earlier sloop except in the fineness of the fore and aft lines. However, the various alterations in models made in the endeavor to solve the problem of adjusting driving power to hull have been much too subtle for the comprehension of any lay mind.

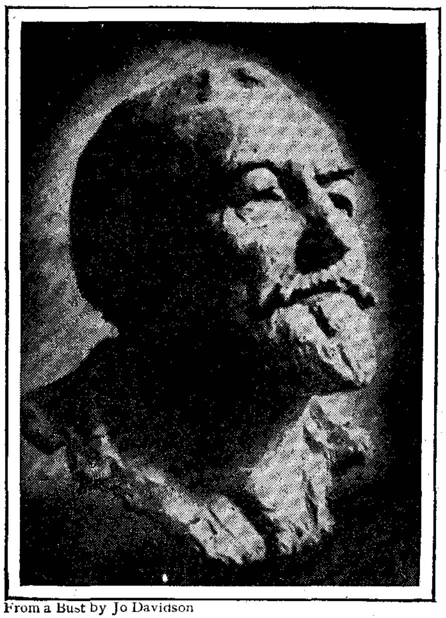
Sir Thomas Lipton clings to his affection for the Sandy Hook courses. The American yachtsmen would prefer Newport, or rather the open water south of Block Island. The challenger is at a greater disadvantage off Sandy Hook than she would be off Block Island. There are tricks of tide for miles around the Ambrose Channel light vessel, while in sailing along either the New Jersey or Long Island shore a skipper should know every caprice of the winds, and there are many. South of Block Island lies open sea. The only land is to the north. Yachts can tow from Newport to a point eight or ten miles below the island quite as easily as they can from New York to the Ambrose lightship. There is a possibility of more sea in the eastern waters and frequently a long old swell. But both yachts would meet the same conditions. If, however, the cup contests were to be sailed over a course north of Block Island, local knowledge would be even more important than on the Sandy Hook course.

THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

NEW NOVELS WELL WORTH WHILE[1]

IF the thirty or forty novels that have been laid on this Table recently represent fairly the spring flood of fiction, it cannot be said that the tide has risen to the high-water mark. Yet among that number one here and there truly awakens the emotions, or honestly entertains in more than a superficial fashion, or in its art clearly reflects life.

Foremost among this group may be placed Joseph Conrad's romance of the Malayan Archipelago, "The Rescue." Begun some twenty years ago, finished last year, it combines the lucidity of his earlier work with the subtlety of his later manner. In its word-pictures of sea and storm and its rendering of the spirit of romance and adventure, such as that which led Rajah Brooke to found an Oriental empire, it is incomparable. Perhaps less attractive to the average devourer of fiction is the deliberate, half-veiled dissection of the conflict of passion, ambition, and duty in the hearts of the man and woman who are overwhelmed and shaken under the hand of relentless fate and the crushing power of untoward circumstance. "King Tom," the naturally simple and direct British seaman who so loves his brig that the vessel almost stands as a character of the book, enters into a venture to restore a banished Rajah who has saved his life and become his dear friend. To this end he long bends all his audacity and his diplomacy with the natives and engages his fortune. But just as the bold venture is ready to be launched he is blocked by the stranding of an English yacht at the very "Shore of Refuge" where his stores are gathered and his half-barbarous allies are awaiting the word. To help the party to escape is to bring Dutch gunboats upon him; to hold them there is to risk their lives and his and to ruin the enterprise. And among them is a married woman whose strange influence upon him quickly ripens in both into a passion. Here is such a moral complex as Conrad loves to dwell upon. His treatment of it, subjectively and objectively, is masterly. The impression left by this romance is so well conveyed in a review of "The Rescue" written by Louise Field for the New York "Times" that we venture to quote a brief passage from that review: "Color and romance; the romance of lonely, distant seas, of high and perilous adventure, of gallant emprise, and of a friendship such as seldom falls to the lot of any man; the romance of power, of political intrigue, and of one of those great passions which seem to hold within themselves the seeds of fatality, the doom of those who feel them, the doom of those even who but come in contact with them—here is the very warp and woof of this splendid and glowing tale, at once the new and the old work of that master teller of tales who is Joseph Conrad."



From a Bust by Jo Davidson

JOSEPH CONRAD

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

HORACE A. VACHELL

It is with peculiar pleasure that one recognizes in the late Mrs. Humphry Ward's posthumous novel, "Harvest," the qualities that have marked the very best of her fiction writing. Her novels have almost always been pleasing and enjoyable, but as literary art they have been uneven. This tale of rural England in war time is notable for the balance and unity of theme and development. It is almost astonishingly superior, for instance, to "Helena," the book which last preceded it, and which was little more than commonplace. "Harvest," on the other hand, austerely rejects the commonplace of a "happy ending." The tragedy of the woman whose unhappy past haunted her in the one true love her life had brought her is as inevitable in art as the climax of a Greek tragedy. But with this overhanging tragic *motif* Mrs. Ward contrasts a delightful picture of English farm life in war time with a woman farmer and women helpers, and an equally vivid sketch of soldier-foresters with a fine, clean-hearted and well-mannered American officer as the foremost figure. The reader lays the book down with the feeling that it is one that he wants to keep in his library and read again some day.

We cannot say that Mr. Archibald Marshall's "Many Junes" is one of the most enjoyable of his books. The fault is not in the writing, which is admirable in quiet realism and descriptive charm. The trouble is that most of these "Many Junes" are very sorrowful Junes, and that admiration for the author as a writer does not compensate for the depressive effect of too many funerals. One by one the lovable and harmless young man whose boyhood is so bright and is so charmingly depicted loses by death or absence every one he really cares for, and a loveless marriage is barely saved from utter failure by a somewhat melancholy reconciliation. But it is interesting to note how the liking for Mr. Marshall's stories has increased in this country.

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[1] The Rescue. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.
Harvest. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
Many Junes. By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
Whitewash. By Horace Annesley Vachell. The George H. Doran Company, New York.
The Portygee. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Miss Lulu Bett. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
The Foot-Path Way. By Henry Milner Rideout. Duffield & Co., New York.

"Exton Manor" and the Clinton series of novels have rather slowly "taken hold," and, we understand, are now in demand at libraries almost as if they were a new-found literary treat. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, writing in The Outlook of "Exton Manor" over ten years ago, pointed out that its special attraction, apart from its pervasive humor and careful writing, was that "it is an intimate picture of English country life, somewhat after the manner and from the point of view of Trollope, though without a touch of imitation." The present novel has the same attractiveness with the exception that it lacks that pervading humor which made some of Mr. Marshall's earlier books so delightful.

Another pleasing novel of English country life is Horace Annesley Vachell's "Whitewash." Lady Selina, a sweet but mediæval English aristocrat, whitewashes her dependents' pretty but unsanitary cottages and ignores her unwittingly criminal neglect. Doles and port wine and patronizing condescension represent to her the duty of her class to their class. As we would say in American slang, "she meant well, but was ivory-domed." There is an amusing contrast in the lively Tiddy, the capable and slangy daughter of a *nouveau riche* baronet, and there is a love story of more than ordinary interest. The novel is capital both for its entertainment and its picture of old and new English society.

Not so much technical art, but a lot more fun, is to be found in Joseph C. Lincoln's "The Portygee." We agree with the critic who has said that "so long as Lincoln is a best seller, the American people are all right"—or words to that effect. Lincoln always writes about Cape Cod folks—and we hope he always will. The retired sea captain of this story, Captain Zelotes Snow, is better, if possible, than any of his many predecessors; not a comic character, but a real man—strong, shrewd, prejudiced, honest, and generous. "Portygee" to him means any one with foreign blood; at heart he despises his own grandson, because he is the son of a famous Italian opera baritone. But Cap'n Zelotes is a just man, and in time boy and captain learn each other's worth. There is hearty fun in the book, and there is also sound philosophy and fine Americanism.

A fine example of close, careful character study on a small scale is Miss Zona Gale's little book, "Miss Lulu Bett." It is a perfectly worked out picture of a sordid, commonplace family—father, mother, and daughter, all self-seeking and mildly disagreeable, while Miss Lulu, the unattractive, rather dull old maid relation, slaves for them. A strange streak of belated romance comes into Miss Lulu's life—or what stands to her for romance. Bare and unemotional as the sketch is, it holds the attention strongly. Professor Phelps, of Yale, has written of it: "It is amazingly good. Its outlines are as severely beautiful as Greek architecture. There are no roughnesses, no excrescences, no superfluities."

Mr. Henry M. Rideout has not a little of the Kipling fascination when he writes stories of India, but fortunately he does not fall into the fault of many who try to imitate Kipling in manner. "The Foot-Path Way" makes one think of "Kim," not in plan or style, but because of its crowd of natives of varying race and custom and its incidents of adventure and danger. This is not of a *genre* that all novel readers care for, but those who do will find this book an excellent example of it, exciting and amusing.

THE NEW BOOKS

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Czechs (Bohemians) in America (The). By Thomas Capek. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Of the several nations that gained independence by the World War the Czechs are perhaps as well qualified by character and natural advantages to maintain that independence as any. Certainly America, which has harbored many sons of Bohemia, is interested in seeing that independence maintained. The Czechs in the United States have been a constant source of strength to the Czechs at home in their brave fight against oppression. This book is mainly devoted to explaining the many qualifications the Czech immigrant has which fit him to become a good citizen of the United States. The title of one chapter gives the gist of Mr. Capek's message. It is, "All Born in America Belong to America."

Historical Sources of Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year (The). By Watson Nicholson, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Stratford Company, Boston.

Defoe's "Journal of the Plague" has often been cited as a triumph of realistic description in the form of fiction; it is declared by the author of this book to be properly classed with authentic histories. Defoe, it is asserted, used the first person in his narrative "for reasons of convenience and taste as well as business;" he knew that if he put down his facts in the usual style of the dry-as-dust historian he would have few readers. The popularity of the book justified his shrewdness.

Letters from China and Japan. By John Dewey, Ph.D., LL.D., and Alice Chipman Dewey. Edited by Evelyn Dewey. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

These letters are more important, it seems to us, as regards China than as regards Japan. While the authors give interesting and valuable views of Japan, emphasizing the admirable assets of that country, when they arrive in China they see Japan from a peculiarly Chinese angle. They do not minimize the defects in China—for instance, we learn that the Republic is a "joke"—but we also learn concerning the little Emperor that "nobody worries about him, unless it is the Japanese who want the Imperial Government restored until they get ready to take it themselves." As to Chinese liking for the Japanese, "I doubt if history knows of any such complete case of national dislike and distrust; it sometimes seems as if there hadn't been a single thing that the Japanese might have done to alienate the Chinese that they haven't tried." The Japanese, however, "have learned the Western efficiency, and in that they are at least a generation ahead of their neighbors." To the student of Far Eastern affairs an index would have increased the value of this book.

"When Canada Was New France." By George H. Locke, Chief Librarian of the Public Library, Toronto. Illustrated. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto.

The historic part played by France in the great war has stimulated a renewed interest in the contributions of French explorers and French statesmen to the civilization of the New World. It is a matter of pride to Americans of the United States to know that one of their fellow-countrymen, Francis Parkman, really brought to the modern world its first knowledge of the social and political foundations laid by Frenchmen in Canada and the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest of the United States. Dr. John H. Finley has also added to the story by his distinguished book, "The French in the Heart of America." The little volume now before us by Dr. Locke, although slight in size, is another readable and useful contribution to the same table. It is prepared for younger readers, but it can very well be read with interest by their elders. Our only criticism of the book is that it ends a little too abruptly. We wish the author could have added a final chapter which would show the useful influence of French intellect and French culture upon modern Canadian life as, for example, illustrated in the character and personality of that loyal Canadian of French origin, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Ragged Inlet Guards (The). A Story of Adventure in Labrador. By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Siberia Today. By Frederick F. Moore. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Readable but unimportant.

Winter Circuit of Our Arctic Coast (A). By Hudson Stuck, D.D., F.R.G.S. Maps and Illustrations. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"This is my fourth, and will, I am sure, be my last, book of Alaskan travel," says Dr. Stuck. If this prediction proves true, Dr. Stuck's readers will hope that he may find some new field of work that will prove as fruitful for him in the way of literary inspiration as Alaska. This book is readable from cover to cover—entertaining, thoughtful, wise in its recommendations concerning our great Territory, and attractive in its illustration.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Mr. Myers was both poet and scientist. He took high honors at Cambridge University and was appointed Government School Inspector, a position which he held until a few weeks before his death. His two volumes entitled "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death" are probably the most complete and authoritative interpretation published of the conclusions reached by the special students of psychic phenomena. Its size, price, and complexity in detail unfit it for the general reader. This abridged edition in one volume may be recommended to any reader who desires to get in simple language a fairly complete and comprehensive statement of the views respecting psychic phenomena entertained by those of Mr. Myers's school, and the application of those views to such problems as genius, sleep, hypnotism, and phantasms of the dead.

WAR BOOKS

History of the Great War (A). By Bertram Benedict, A.B. Illustrated. Vol. II. Bureau of National Literature, Inc., New York.

This volume contains many good illustrations and maps clearly and vividly drawn. Aside from the account of the main matter in hand, which naturally takes up most of the volume, some sixty pages are devoted to discussion of the work of the Paris Peace Conference. The book also contains, we are glad to note, the text of the charter of the League of Nations and of the German Treaty, together with certain of President Wilson's speeches and his proclamation concerning Fiume.

THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Shall the Public or the Unions Rule?

A NUMBER of commentators have drawn comparisons between the Allen-Gompers debate and that between Lincoln and Douglas. How many comparisons between these two public debates can you draw? In answering this question you should remember that comparisons involve dissimilarities and unlikenesses as well as similarities and likenesses.

Give an account of the efforts of Governor Allen last winter when his own State was confronted with a coal famine. Explain the Industrial Relations Court in Kansas that resulted from his efforts. Is this device the solution of the problem presented by the relations of employers and employees?

Discuss somewhat at length whether there should be a law forbidding workers in *essential* industries from organizing strikes and employers from resorting to lockouts.

Has the laboring man in America any other effective weapon of defense than the strike? What would you think of the laboring people of our country forming a political party to further their interests? If such a party were formed and you were a laboring man, would you join it? Reasons.

What is your answer to the question Mr. Gompers left unanswered?

The writer of this study believes that the readers of The Outlook will do well to read "Why Men Strike," by Samuel Crowther (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

Define: *Debate, liberty, adroit, encomium, inalienable right, interlude, peroration.*

The National Conventions and the End of the Season's Primaries

What is the unit rule? Do you think it right for a party boss to say how all the votes of the State in a National convention shall go because he has the majority of delegates under his thumb? Why do you hold to your opinion?

Which do you like better, the Democratic or the Republican requirement for a Presidential nomination? Is there any difference between a Presidential candidate and a Presidential nominee? If so, explain.

Explain carefully how a National convention is conducted. What is the very first thing on the programme?

What are party "planks"? Should voters refuse at the next election to vote for a party if it fails to carry out its pre-election promises?

Is there a political boss in your State? If so, what is his name and how did he get his power?

What are primaries? Are there different kinds of primaries? If so, explain the differences.

What is meant by instructed delegates? Should delegates go to National conventions instructed or uninstructed? What are your reasons?

When are the party National committees elected? How long do they serve? What are their duties?

In political affairs what is meant by "steam roller"? Do you know of any times when it has been used in State and National politics? If so, with what results?

For the answer to the questions asked in this study consult such valuable books as "The New American Citizen," by C. F. Dole (D. C. Heath); "School Civics," by F. D. Boynton (Ginn & Co.); "Community Civics," by R. O. Hughes (Allyn & Bacon); "Principles of Politics," by J. W. Jenks (Columbia University Press).

Campaign Contributions

What is there in American political history which justifies The Outlook in telling us that vast corruption funds were employed in bygone days in vote-buying?

What, in your opinion, constitutes legitimate campaign expenses? Should any limit be placed on such expenses? Reasons.

The Outlook tells us in this editorial what, in its opinion, the real question is that is raised by the Washington investigation into campaign expenses. What is your answer to The Outlook's question?

Would it be better to have a National Presidential primary held on the same day throughout the country, and the expenses for the same paid by the Government, than to have the present primary system?

Explain how a political campaign is conducted.

The President and the Knox Resolution; The Armenian Mandate

On different pages in this week's Outlook its editors comment upon the two topics indicated above. What is your opinion of what the President said in sending his veto of the Knox Resolution to the House of Representatives? Did we enter the World War mainly for the purposes that the President indicated? For what other reasons did we enter the war?

The Outlook thinks that our present foreign relations are in a chaotic condition. Is this so? Can you prove what you say?

Do you agree with The Outlook's opinion that "there can be no relief from the present deadlock over the Treaty until a *new President* [italics mine] is inaugurated at Washington"? One newspaper editor asserts that the present Senate would veto the Ten Commandments if they were advocated by President Wilson for any reason whatsoever. Do you think this was a fair comment?

What is the difference between "joint" and "concurrent" resolutions? The difference between a bill and a resolution?

What is the American method of declaring war? Of making peace? Can Congress declare peace? Could the President veto a declaration of war by Congress?

Discuss whether the Foreign Relations Committee did well in declining to grant the President authority to establish an American mandate over Armenia.

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[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—THE EDITORS.

What does your key ring tell you?

Take out your key ring — look and see!

Do *all* your keys bear the "Yale" trade-mark? If you don't see "Yale" right on the keys, they are *not* "Yale," no matter what you thought.

"Yale" is our trade-mark. It is on *all* our products, denoting true origin. It guarantees that the product will give the better service which you expect from "Yale."

No one else may use the trade-mark "Yale." It is our signature—our abbreviated corporate name.

When you ask for a Yale lock of any type, door closer, or chain block, you can be sure to get "Yale"—by looking for the trade-mark on it before you pay for it.

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Yale products include:

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The Yale & Towne Mfg. Co.
Makers of the Yale Locks
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TRADE YALE MARK

This roof has been in service 23 years
Barrett Specification Roofs

Barrett Specification type of Roof on Warehouse Pier No. 2 of the Norfolk & Western Railroad at Lambert's Point, Va.

No maintenance expense for 23 years—

IN 1892 the Norfolk & Western Railroad erected at Lambert's Point, Va., the warehouse piers shown here. A Barrett Specification type of roof was used to cover these buildings.

This was in the days before The Barrett Company issued Surety Bonds on Barrett Specification Roofs, and before some of the present-day improved roofing methods had been worked out.

Notwithstanding this, *there was no maintenance expense of any kind on these roofs until 1915*. In other words, the owners were absolutely free from roof trouble and roof expense for 23 years.

When the time came to roof their new warehouse piers, there was no question in the minds of officials of the Norfolk & Western Railroad as to what roof they would use. They ordered the new buildings covered with Barrett Specification Roofs as a matter of course.

These roofs, shown in the illustrations below, cover an area of more than 400,000 square feet.

On them we have issued our 20-Year Surety Bond, and while the railroad officials were pleased to get the Surety Bond, they knew from experience that it was not necessary, for the roofs would outlive the guarantee.

The Surety Bond

The Surety Bond is offered on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares or more in all cities of 25,000 or over, *and in smaller places where our inspection service is available*. It is issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore, and exempts the owner from all maintenance expense for the life of the Bond.

Our only stipulations are that the Barrett Specification, *revised April 15, 1920*, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

These roofs take the base rate of insurance and cost less per year of service than any other type of "permanent" roof.

Important Notice

The Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof-covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for twenty years only, we can point to many roofs of this type that have been in service over forty years and are still in good condition.

For those who wish a somewhat lighter and lower-priced roof covering, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof bonded for 10 years.

Both roofs are built of the same high-grade water-proofing materials, the only difference being the quantity used.

Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of The Barrett Specification sent free on request.

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THE BARRETT COMPANY, Ltd.: Montreal Toronto
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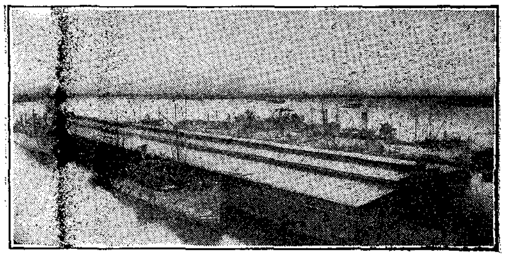
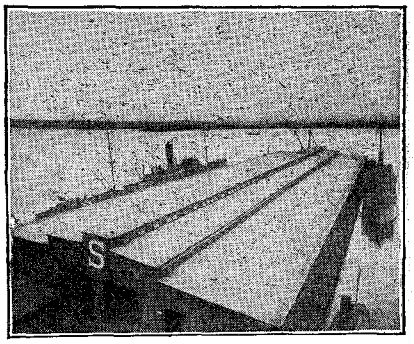
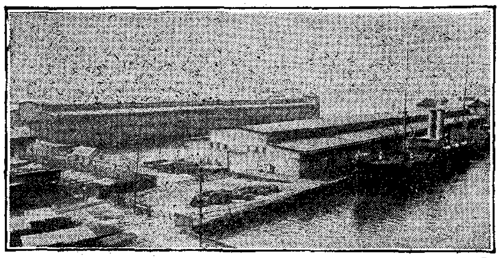


Barrett Specification Roofs on Piers of the Norfolk and Western Railroad at Lambert's Point, Va. The total area of these roofs is more than 400,000 square feet.





Roofing Contractors: Odend' Hal Monks Corporation, Norfolk, Va. Gen'l Contractors: John P. Pettyjohn Co., Lynchburg, Va. Architects: Engineering Dept., Norfolk and Western R. R., Roanoke, Va.

Reg. Trade Mark

McCutcheon's

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for Summer Garments

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Notwithstanding this, we have, through close co-operation with our manufacturers, procured practically a pre-war assortment of these most practical fabrics.

NON-KRUSH-LINEN—conceded to be the best Dress Linen made. Soft, lustrous finish—will not crush or crease—shown in a range of thirty-five colors. White, Cream, Navy, 36 inches wide, $1.95 yard.

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THE OLD CAMP COFFEE-POT

BY CHARLES B. CLARK, JR.

Old camp-mate, black and rough to see,
A hard-worked aid and ally you
In all my single-handed wars
With naked nature's savagery.
Your scars are marks of service true,
Dear loving-cup of out-o'-doors,
And history in every spot
Has battered you, old coffee-pot.

Oh, black Pandora-box of dreams!
Though dry of drink for mortal needs,
Out of your spout what fancies flow!
The flash of trout in sunny streams,
The swoop of ducks among the reeds,
The buck that paws the reddened snow—
What suns and storms, what dust and mire,
What gay tanned faces round the fire!

Thus, vividly as clouds that blaze
Above a rainy sunset's red,
Scene after scene you bring to me,
The camps and trails of other days.
And as a shell, long dry and dead,
Holds echoes of its native sea,
So dear old murmurs, half forgot,
Rise from your depths, old coffee-pot.

I hear the stir of horses' hoofs,
The solemn challenge of the owl,
The wind song on the piny height,
The lilt of rain on canvas roofs,
The far-off coyote's hungry howl,
And all the camp sounds of the night.
They rise—a thousand things like these
From you, old well of memories.

The fires are dead on hill and plain
And old camp faces lost and gone,
But yet we two are left, old friend.
And as the summers bloom and wane
May I meet you at dusk and dawn
By many fires before the end,
And drink to you in nectar hot
From your black throat, old coffee-pot.

AMERICA AND HELLENISM

The writer of this letter, Mr. Kyriakides, is a graduate of Robert College, a prominent ship-owner in Greece, and was a member of a commission which came to this country in 1918 to inform Americans of Greek aspirations and progress.—THE EDITORS.

It is an unquestionable fact that the war thrust by Germans upon the Allies and their associates has brought all the Allied nations much nearer and it has fraternized their peoples on the battlefields of the three continents.

The splendid results and the vivid memory of such a fraternization are so deeply engraved in the hearts of all peoples who fought so bravely for the triumph of the democratic principles that only death or complete national extinction will uproot those results and sweet recollections from their historical life.

The Greek army had not the pleasure of fighting side by side with the gallant American soldiers on the battlefields of Macedonia as it did with other Allied soldiers. However, the noble and most effective work of the American Red Cross, coupled with the Young Men's Christian Association's most remarkable activity, so highly appreciated here, and the sixty thousand Greeks in America who joined the American Army and fought on the battlefields of Europe for their stepmother, have contributed to strengthen the ties of friendship of mother and sister democracies and have paved the way to fraternization of the two peoples.

The people of Greece are quite cognizant of the present political situation of Europe. They clearly see that the civilizing work of our allies and associates has not as yet attained completion. They bear well in mind that the gallant armies of the progressive nations of Europe, together with the illustrious American soldiers, have succeeded by countless sacrifices in saving the imperiled civilization of Europe by the defeat of Germany and its vassals; but they know well too that the monarchical and tyrannical spirit of the Germans, Bulgars, and Turks has not undergone any change in the least; that the rights of man can be at any moment violated by those nations, autocratic as they are in spirit, and that the work of millions of men who heroically fought and died has not as yet been fully accomplished.

The gravity of the present situation in Europe, the humanitarian, social, and political work which is to be done by us and our allies, does not escape our attention.

In fact, an overwhelming majority of the Greek people have absolutely determined to vote again for Mr. Venizelos and his political friends in the elections which are to take place about September next, since they feel confident that our allies, together with Mr. Venizelos's Government, assisted by the Greek people, will bring about a right and democratic solution of all social and political problems and will achieve the pacification of Europe and relieve humanity from the unrest prevailing all over the world.

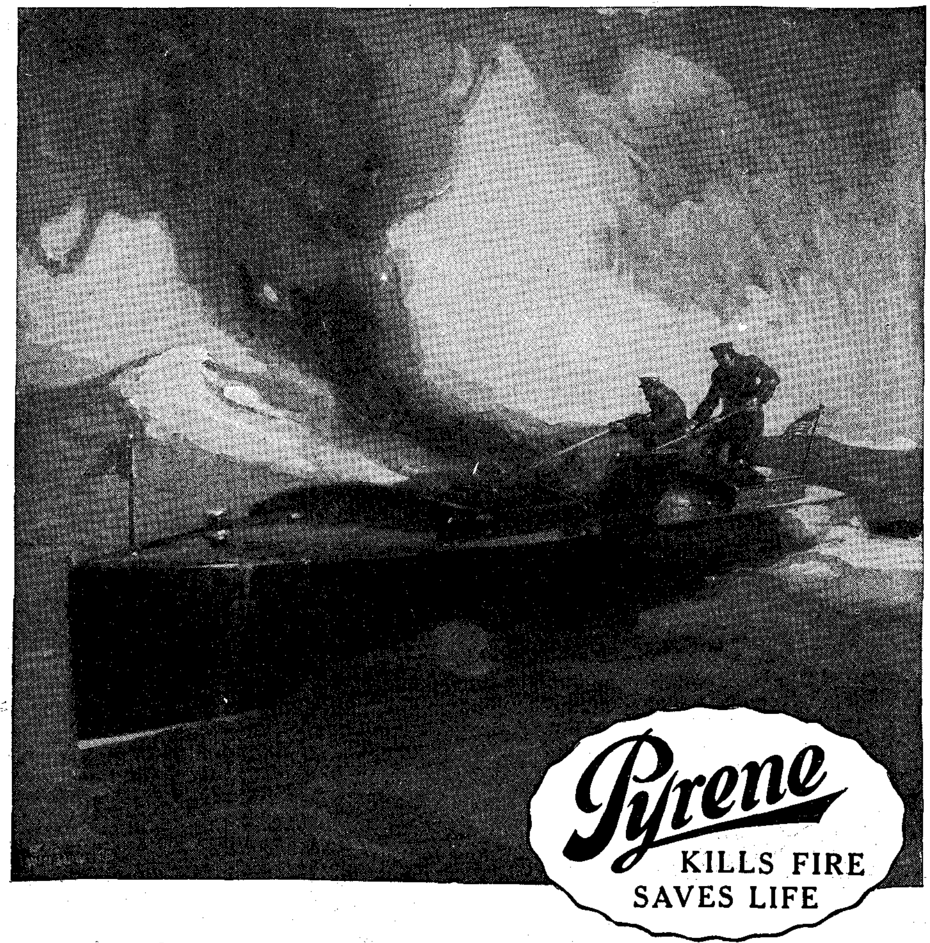
History teaches us that the Greek nation has been a civilizing factor for many centuries, and it has remained such even during the ages of darkness and oppression, notwithstanding the massacres and tortures committed upon it by the unspeakable Turk. How, then, can it be possible for the Greek nation to remain unmoved in a period of world-wide reconstruction and rehabilitation? Let us not forget that massacres are still being carried on by the unspeakable Turk against the Armenians on a wholesale scale, and that the Christian element in Turkey is still resting on a volcano ready for eruption.

The Greeks feel grateful to the American people for what they have done for them on many occasions. The kind support extended by the American people and press to the cause of the unredeemed Greeks will ever remain fresh in every Greek's memory. Although the American delegation to the Peace Conference by their attitude did prejudice the realization of the democratic ideals of the Greek nation—ideals that were based upon historical and territorial rights and upon the national consciousness of about three millions of unredeemed Greeks in Turkey—still the love and admiration of the Greek people for America is overwhelmingly growing.

Recent political events and the active part played by the leaders of American thought against the retention of Turkey in Constantinople have caused Greek public opinion to comprehend that the attitude of the American delegation at the Peace Conference did not correspond to the wish of the American people, the champions of freedom and liberty and the guardians of the rights of small nations. The more the Greek people think of it, the more they are determined to be ever grateful to the American people.

NICHOLAS GEORGE KYRIAKIDES.

Athens, April 18, 1920.



(*Drawing from photo by M. Rosenfeld*)

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Pyrene kills gasoline flames while water only spreads such fires. $10. Sold by ship chandlers, hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages. Approved by United States Steamboat Inspection Service and the Underwriters' Laboratories.

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Pyrene
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
TO OPERATE
TURN HANDLE TO LEFT
WORK LIKE A PUMP
WARNING

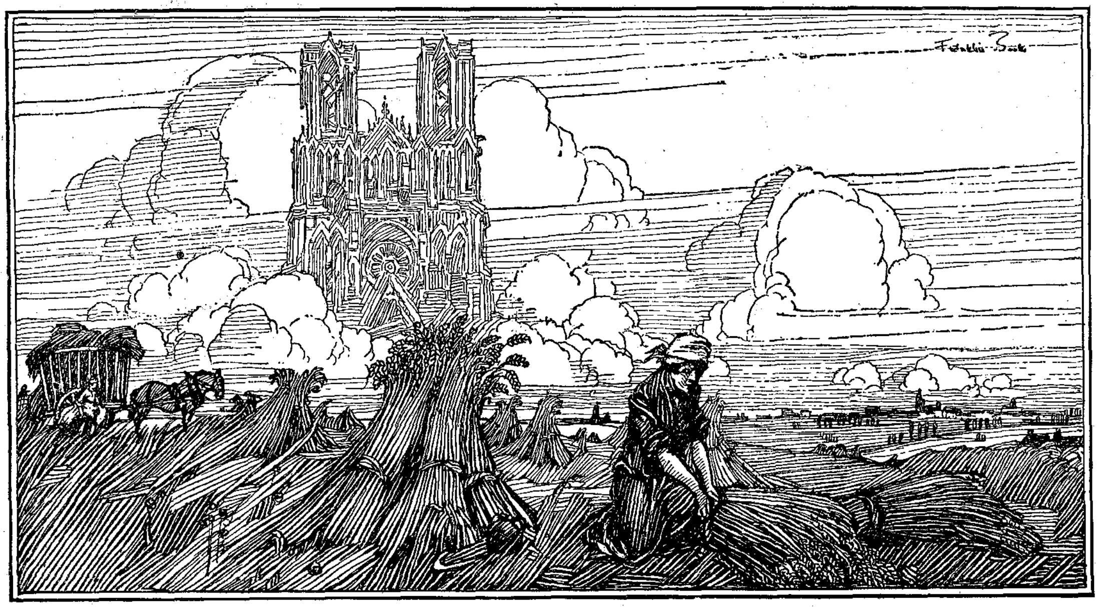
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

TRANSPORTATION AND PRODUCTION

A MEMBER of Congress wrote a letter to one of his constituents recently in which he said: "As I see the situation, the one paramount duty facing Congress to-day is to keep the machinery of production in motion."

He is quite right. Production is the basis of all wealth. Money is worth only the amount of goods it will buy; if goods are not produced, money is worth nothing, because there is nothing for which to exchange it. Increased production will solve a large percentage of our present troubles, and increased production can be effected by harder work and more efficient methods. Higher wages and shorter hours of work will do nothing in themselves, and have usually benefited nobody, least of all the worker, because production has almost always been cut down and prices have gone up through the inexorable workings of the economic laws. There is a certain element in the ranks of organized labor which seems incapable of learning this simple lesson. When the output of an individual worker is limited, he suffers just as much as any one else. On the other hand, the more goods there are produced, the cheaper they are and the more you can buy for a dollar, or, to put it differently, you increase the value of your dollar. Is the man with ten dollars now any better off than the man who had five dollars six years ago if the two sums will buy only



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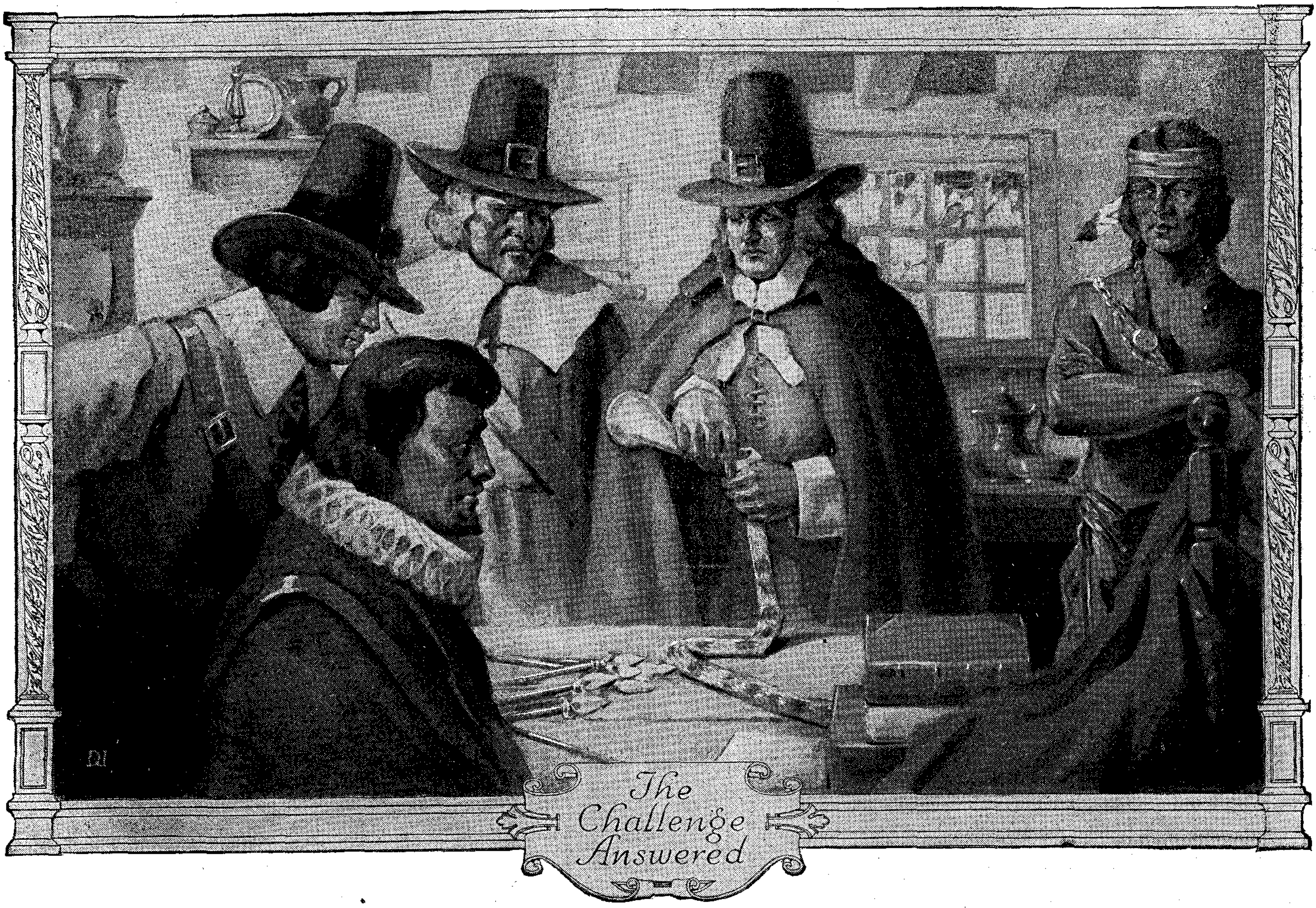

WHEN Canonicus, war chief of over 2000 savage Narragansetts, sent a snake-skin filled with arrows to the handful of Plymouth settlers, Governor Bradford's answer was the same snake-skin, but filled with gun-powder and bullets — the challenge accepted in unmistakable terms.

He thus defined New England's attitude toward disturbers of the peace. A recent occurrence in Massachusetts clearly demonstrated the vitality of this New England ideal—fearless, uncompromising maintenance of law and order.

New Englanders — in fact all Americans who glory in the old American traditions—will celebrate during the coming year the Tercentenary of the First Landing. Visit old Plymouth and Provincetown; Boston, the scene of the famous "Tea-Party"; Salem, the home port of many old Yankee clipper ships; Lexington and Concord, where was fired the shot "heard round the world."

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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(Continued)

the same amount of goods? If more goods are produced, the ten dollars will go further, and to accomplish this is our problem to-day. True, inflation of our currency is one great cause of high prices; but so is under-production, and methods of remedying this latter evil are our concern here.

If you are a manufacturer of shoes, you know you must get leather with which to make shoes; if your business is making flour, you must first get the wheat; if you are a builder, you must have lumber and bricks and steel. In other words, in order to produce you must first get the material to work with. In almost every case your ability to get them depends upon transportation—chiefly railway transportation. The railways have been called the arteries of our country, and our highly complicated civilization is more dependent upon their functioning properly than most of us realize. At the present time they are not functioning properly; freight service is demoralized and many factories are in danger of having to shut down because they cannot get shipments of raw materials. This would mean people out of work and suffering. The recent railway strike is one great reason why freight is so badly tied up and why transportation is causing us so much trouble. The effects of the strike are still with us; in fact, it really has never been entirely settled. The strikers have done immeasurable harm to the country—and incidentally to themselves.

The real root of the trouble, however, is lack of equipment. Under Government control the equipment of the carriers was allowed to deteriorate shamefully; what they had was not kept in proper repair and new equipment was not provided. Railways are undoubtedly the most important factor in the growth and progress of the country, and yet their problems never seem to have been treated broad-mindedly by the Government. Years ago, the late James J. Hill estimated that the railways of this country needed a billion dollars a year of new capital if they were to render proper service to the public. They need more than that now. They got far less while under Government control. But how can they get money when, as a result of Government control, their credit is impaired, public faith in them greatly shaken, and investors chary of putting their funds into railway securities? The revolving fund provided by the Transportation Act will do something, but not nearly enough. The public must loan the railways money if they are to get what they need in the way of equipment.

Some of the stronger roads which still enjoy good credit have already made loans for new equipment. Included in this class are the Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, Atchison, and New York Central. These railways have placed orders for some 500 locomotives and 27,000 cars, to cost about $150,000,000. The roads without high credit find it impossible to borrow money on terms they can meet, in spite of the fact that they are in crying need of equipment. This condition is apt to obtain until they are given permission to charge higher rates, unless the plan for the formation of an equipment trust recently approved by the Inter-State Commerce Commission brings them relief more speedily. As outlined, this plan is to form an equipment trust with a capitalization of

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The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

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Who among us would say today, "I never use a Dentifrice, I never have to?"

Yet Fifty years ago, odd as it may seem, not one person in 1,000 used a Dentifrice—or even a tooth brush.

So to-day, after more than 30 years of persistent publicity of Allen's Foot=Ease, the Antiseptic Powder for the Feet, not many well-turned-out-people care to confess, "You know I never have to use a Powder for the Feet!"

More than One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

The reason is this: Confining the feet in Leather or Canvas Shoes is bound to create friction, more or less. Allen's Foot=Ease removes the friction from the shoes. You know what friction does to your motor-car axle. Why not remove it from your foot-wear by Shaking into your Shoes *to-day,* Allen's Foot=Ease, the cleanly, wholesome, healing, Antiseptic powder? Get the habit, as millions now have it, who inhabit our, as yet, imperfect world.

FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT
(*Continued*)

$500,000,000, which will allow the roads to finance the building of new equipment. The plan provides further that the railways take twenty-five per cent of the stock of the new corporation, and finance the remaining seventy-five per cent through a car trust. The Inter-State Commerce Commission is to advance to the roads their twenty-five per cent—$125,000,000—with which to pay for their stock, this sum to come out of the revolving fund of $300,000,000 provided by the Transportation Act. The half billion dollars obtained would be sufficient to buy the equipment the roads need—2,000 locomotives, 20,000 refrigerator cars, and 100,000 freight cars.

With all this new equipment, transportation would be greatly facilitated. Industries should be able to overcome their present handicap of not being able to get materials, and life should be more orderly and normal. One of the greatest hindrances to increased production would be removed.

Now, as to how money is raised through an equipment trust. Notes or bonds are offered for sale secured by the new equipment. The practice is to have these notes come due and be paid off serially, a certain number of them every year, so that gradually the amount of the outstanding obligation is reduced. The reason for this is that the equipment of course begins to deteriorate just as soon as it is put into use. Locomotives and cars, like most everything else, will wear out. If the equipment is worth a little less each year, this depreciation is balanced by the fact that the notes issued against it are fewer in number each year. The security for the notes, therefore, remains as good as it was when they were first sold. Title to the equipment is always vested in a trustee until the last payment is made.

Equipment trust notes have always been regarded as one of the safest and best of investments; there is no case on record of a company failing to discharge its obligations on its equipment trust notes. In Canada railway equipment trusts rank ahead of the funded debt. Right now, when the railways are in such desperate need of new equipment, a man who aids them to get it by investing in this class of securities is rendering a real service to the roads and to the country generally. In addition, he is helping to overcome obstacles in the way of production, to say nothing of getting a profitable investment for himself. Incidentally, it would seem as if orders placed for equipment in such great quantities should mean capacity business and prosperity for the companies which manufacture it.

QUESTION AND ANSWER

Q. What is your opinion of Cities Service Company debenture C bonds? Are they secured, and do you consider them a good investment for a man with a modest income?

A. The debenture C bonds of the Cities Service Company are not secured by mortgage, although they are a direct obligation of the company. Present earnings are ample to pay the interest. After January 1, 1921, they may be converted into stock, nine shares of preferred and one of common for every $1,000 bond. We believe these bonds to be a good investment, and because of the conversion privilege would seem to have a speculative feature which may be rather valuable.

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Boston Garter
Velvet Grip

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For more than forty years Boston Garter has been a friend to men the world over. It not only keeps the old but makes many new ones each year. Most men ask for Boston Garter as a matter of course—the two words go so well together.

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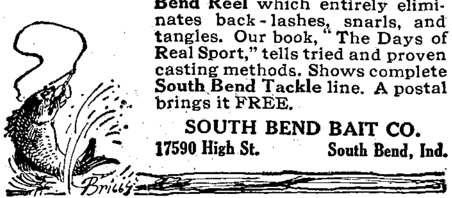

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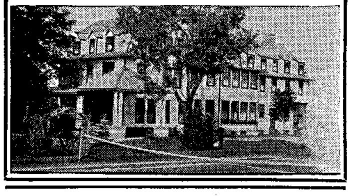

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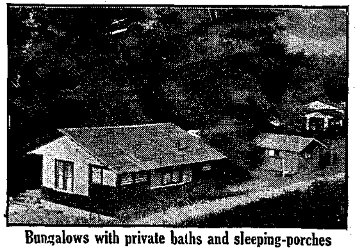

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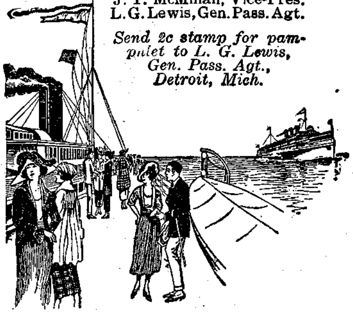

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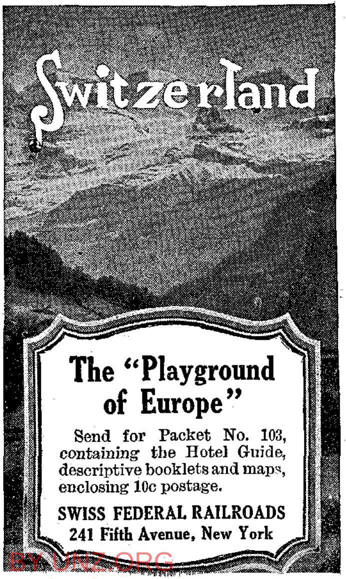

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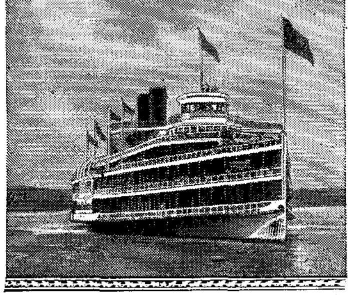

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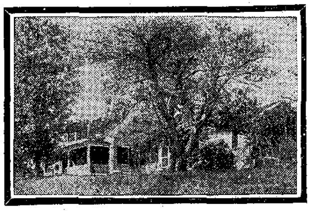

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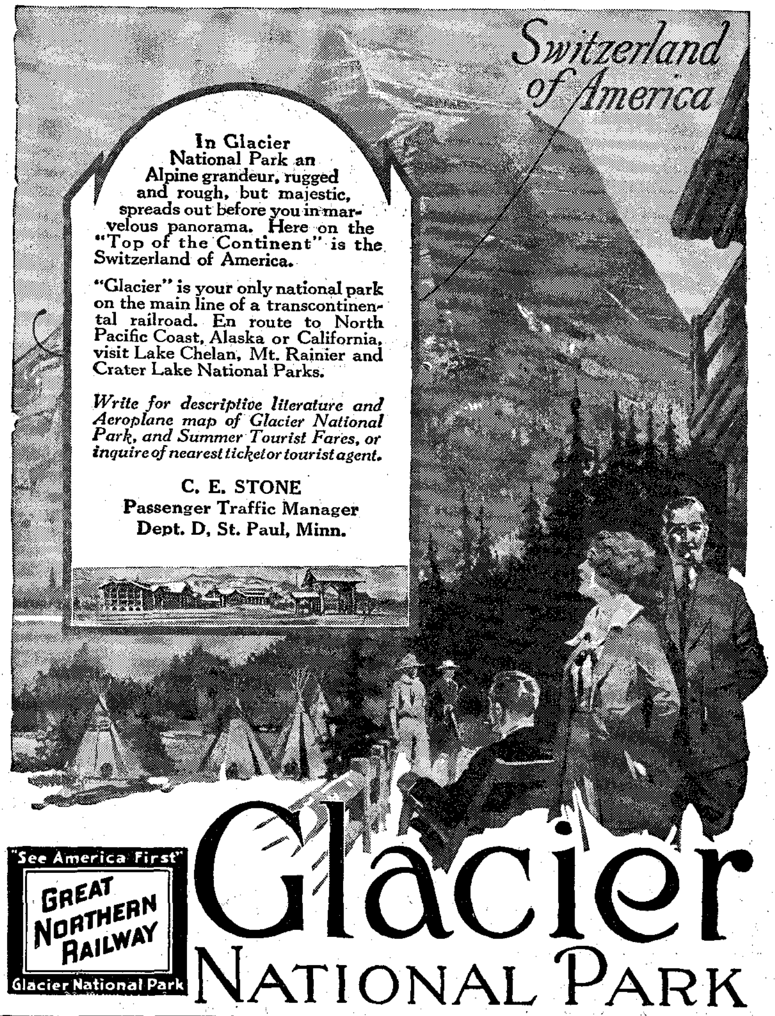

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"Glacier" is your only national park on the main line of a transcontinental railroad. En route to North Pacific Coast, Alaska or California, visit Lake Chelan, Mt. Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks.

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C. E. STONE
Passenger Traffic Manager
Dept. D, St. Paul, Minn.

Real Estate

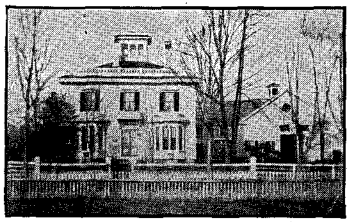
MAINE

FOR SALE
A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME
On Lake Sebago, Maine

Fine view of lake and mountains. House has bathrooms, fireplaces, porches, garage, barn, orchards, woods, and sup't's house. Inquire Dr. Owen Smith, 690 Congress St., Portland, Me.

Pemaquid, Maine
Near Portland. For Sale or To Let

The finest estate on the coast of Maine. 300 acres. If desired, the large furnished home will be let separate from the farm. Boating, bathing, and fishing. Fine drives. Address W. G. TIBBETTS, Pemaquid Harbor, Maine.



Summer Home in Maine

Fine opportunity is offered to secure this attractive house having thirteen rooms, bath, several lavatories, combination heater. Good stable. One acre land, with fine shade trees. Situated on the Saco River, near the famous gorge known as "Indian Cellar" and the home of Kate Douglas Wiggin. The "Peabody Pew" is in the near-by church.

Maine Realty Bureau, Portland, Maine

For Rent Until September 1st

To desirable party only, private camp on north shore of Rangeley Lake, Maine, about 1½ miles from village of Rangeley, consisting of main building with living-room, four bedrooms, and two baths; service camp with kitchen, dining-room, and two bedrooms; boat house, 20x40, with two large rooms and bath in second story; garage for two cars, with servants' bath and room for chauffeur. All fully furnished, including boats. Beautiful site of about five acres with small garden. Farmer on adjoining property can supply milk, butter, eggs, etc. Rental $1,000 for season. Address RANGELEY, Post Office Box 5, Station F, New York City.

RANGELEY LAKE, ME.

Exceptionally attractive villa. Splendidly furnished, located and equipped. **RENT** sea-

Real Estate

MAINE

FOR RENT for August and September
At Seal Harbor, Maine

beautifully situated cottage and separate artist's studio. Five master's bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 servants' rooms and bath, electric light, completely furnished. Maids will stay if desired. Rent $1,200. Address Frank Damrosch, 120 Claremont Ave., New York City.

For Sale **South Bristol, Maine Furnished Bungalow.** Lot of one acre. River and ocean view. Price $2,500. G. R. Nichols, Box 1,629, Phila.

Squirrel Island, Me. **To Let.** One of the very best cottages. 11 furnished rooms, modern improvements. Price $500. A. Tetreault, Augusta, Me.

MASSACHUSETTS

BERKSHIRE HILLS

Attractive home in best residential section. Large living rooms, 4 family chambers, two baths, maid's room and bath. All conveniences. Furnished except silver and linen. Rent $500 for three months from June 15th. References exchanged. R. C. Robertson, Pittsfield, Mass.

FOR RENT
In the Berkshires
For July, August, and September

A modern country house, occupied by owner during winter. 14 rooms, 3 baths, garage. Ice furnished, milk and cream from farmer on estate. Situated on eastern slope of Mt. Everett. Excellent golf course six miles distant. Tel, 175M Great Barrington, Mass. Mail address, Mrs. Hamilton Gibson, Sheffield, Mass.

PRIDES CROSSING
BEVERLY, MASS.

For Sale or For Rent, furnished. House of 18 rooms, stable-garage, bath house on shore. 7 acres wooded land. In one of the choicest sections of the summer homes on the famous North Shore of Massachusetts. Owner cannot use and will sell on terms favorable to the buyer or will rent for this season. Write or wire owner for plans and photographs.

JOHN D. HARDY
10 High Street Boston, Mass.

Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

At Manomet, Plymouth, Mass.

NEW FURNISHED COTTAGE to LET or FOR SALE. Broad piazzas, electric lights, hot and cold water, conveniences, open fireplace. Terms moderate. Wm. H. Hawley, Room 17, State House, Boston.

MARYLAND

For Sale—To Close An Estate

Beautiful old Maryland home and farm of about 180 acres at Churchville, Harford Co., Md. Water supply from hydraulic ram; house heated with hot water system; two bathrooms, etc. Good farming land, well watered, 2 barns, large corn house, silo, small creamery, tenant house, etc. Half mile from Lincoln Highway, 1 mile from churches, schoolhouse and stores; healthy, fine community. Price $35,000. Good working tenant on the farm. Apply to William W. Finney, Bel Air, Md., for particulars.

NEW JERSEY

FOR RENT **20 miles from New York in New Jersey**
A Charming Detached Country Residence Built on high ground surrounded by well timbered park, 300 acres. Golf course and tennis court; kitchen garden. Dining and drawing rooms, library, 8 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. Address 2,231, Outlook.

NEW YORK

Adirondack cottage. Only one now available at Hurricane Lodge for June and July, furnished. 2 bedrooms, living-room, large sleeping-porch, bath. Meals at hotel. Restricted community, with golf, tennis, swimming, garages, etc. 2,359, Outlook.

ADIRONDACK COTTAGE FOR RENT

Brantingham Lake. Completely furnished, 9 rooms and bathroom, modern conveniences, 30-foot veranda overlooking lake, sleeping-porch, fireplace, Hardman piano, tennis, golf, boats, fishing, ideal surroundings. Season $400. Address HIER, 214 West 11th St., New York.

TO RENT
"Pinehurst" near Lake Placid
FOR SEASON

Furnished COTTAGE consisting of the following rooms: large living-room 16x28, massive open fireplace in nook, large dining-room, butler's pantry, kitchen, laundry, cellar, 2 sleeping rooms and bath en suite; has large closets, sleeping porch front and living porches front and rear. Beautiful shade of pine, maple, birch. Good boating, swimming, fishing. Rent for season, $500. Address E. C.

Real Estate

NEW YORK

For Rent **Westport-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y.** Cottage house—7 rooms and bath. Best location. References required. Address R. H. STEWART, 22 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

FOR RENT on LAKE GEORGE
Furnished Cottages and Bungalows
Golf, tennis, boating, bathing, fishing.
Glenburnie Co., Glenburnie, N. Y.

2 furnished homes for rent on Lake George
11 rooms, 3 baths, motor boat, tennis court and garden. 8 rooms, 2 baths, sleeping porches. Beautiful location opposite Sabbath Day Point. 64 W. 56th St., New York.

Hot-Water Heated, 9-Room and Finished Attic
SLATE ROOF HOUSE
Corner plot 115x170; flowers, fruit; concrete garage; Nyack, N. Y., 30 miles from New York; immediate occupancy. Price $7,500. Owner, P. W. Babcock, 66 Broad St., New York City.

To Let, Furnished, for the Summer or FOR SALE. Fine large house and large shady grounds. New York two hours. Beautiful village. G. F. Pitts, Warwick, N.Y.

FOR SALE
Westchester County, N. Y.

Attractive Building Site of Nine Acres on the State road near the picturesque village of South Salem, four miles from Ridgefield, Conn., nine miles from Katonah, N. Y., and sixteen miles from Long Island Sound. Beautiful country, comprising hills, woods, and lakes. Inquire of owner, Mrs. G. C. Van Norden, 40 South St., Pittsfield, Mass.

VERMONT

For Rent—Dorset, Vt.
On Beautiful Estate in Green Mountains
WAUBEKA COTTAGE—Furnished
Seven rooms and bath, large stone fireplace and veranda. Garage. Rent for season $250. Address M. D., Room 1616, 120 Broadway.

Green Mts.
Furnished Cottages and Bungalow TO LET on Dairy Farm Between Brattleboro and Bennington. Altitude 1,900 feet. Housekeeping facilities if desired or meals to be had at neighboring studio.
Full particulars by addressing 2,229, Outlook.

AGENTS WANTED

INSYDE TIRES—inner armor for automobile tires; prevent punctures and blowouts; double tire mileage. Liberal profits. Details free. American Accessories Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Dept. 127.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INVENTIONS wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 217, St. Louis, Mo.

MANUSCRIPTS

STORIES, poems, plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. or write Literary Bureau, 325, Hannibal, Mo.

WOMEN'S GOODS

LEARN to do BATIK. We send outfit with full instructions, including material, for one blouse. Pinecroft Studios, Pemaquid Harbor, Maine.

BOARD AND ROOMS

FOR rent—Room and private bath for one or two persons. Men preferred. Breakfast. 5 minutes to station. References. Address Box 368, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

SUPERINTENDENT and HOUSEKEEPER, married couple, Protestants, preferably with some experience in institutional management, to reside in and direct work of a Boston home for aged. Miss Elsie Adams, 236 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

WRITE photoplays: $25-$300 paid anyone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 438, St. Louis.

RAILWAY traffic inspectors earn from $110 to $200 per month and expenses. Travel if desired. Unlimited advancement. No age limit. We train you. Positions furnished under guarantee. Write for booklet CM27. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

WANTED—Manager for business woman's club. State qualifications, references, and salary expected. 8,457, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

DIETITIANS, superintendents, cafeteria managers, governesses, matrons, housekeepers. Miss Richards, Providence, East Side Box 5. Boston, Fridays, 11 to 1, 16 Jackson Hall, Trinity Court. Address Providence.

MOTHER'S helper fond of children. Three children, aged 6, 4, and 1. Doctor's family. Seashore for summer. Protestant preferred. References. Address 134 East 64th St., N. Y.

PLACEMENT BUREAU for employer and employee. Housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, attendants, governesses, secretaries. 51 Trowbridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

WANTED—Mother's helper in family going to Catskills for summer. Mrs. E. H. Webb,

Come To
Minnesota

SPEND your vacation in the land of beautiful lakes, unspoiled wilderness and vigorous climate. Come where the game fish are eager to bite—where the camping is ideal and the old hiking trails more picturesque than ever.

Or, if you prefer motor highways, comfortable hotels and cozy cottages, they are at your service. You can bring the kiddies along and enjoy all the summertime sports in Minnesota's great playgrounds. Write today for aeroplane-view map folder and start planning for an ideal vacation.

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Operating under the direction of the Minnesota Land and Lake Attractions Board.

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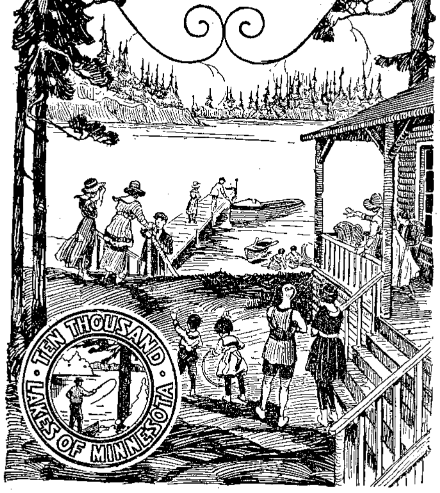
Minnesota is a land of unusual agricultural, commercial and industrial opportunity. Life is worth living in Minnesota. Try it this summer.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New England
The Vacation Land

MAINE

Delightful bathing beaches. Foaming surf. Rugged rocks and headlands. Vast forests of century-old trees.

Ocean Breezes—Scented Woods—Land of Lakes

Famous fishing grounds. Guides a-plenty. Outdoor life at its best. Charming social life.

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Mile-high peaks. Fragrant forests threaded with fine state roads. Charming views. Championship links that test your golf. Tennis everywhere. Tonic air. Cool nights.

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Complete information about the best hotels, boarding houses, camps in the White Mountains; Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont Lakes and Woods; Berkshire Hills, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Narragansett Bay, Casco Bay, Penobscot Bay, Mt. Desert, Bar Harbor. Send for them. State region you prefer.

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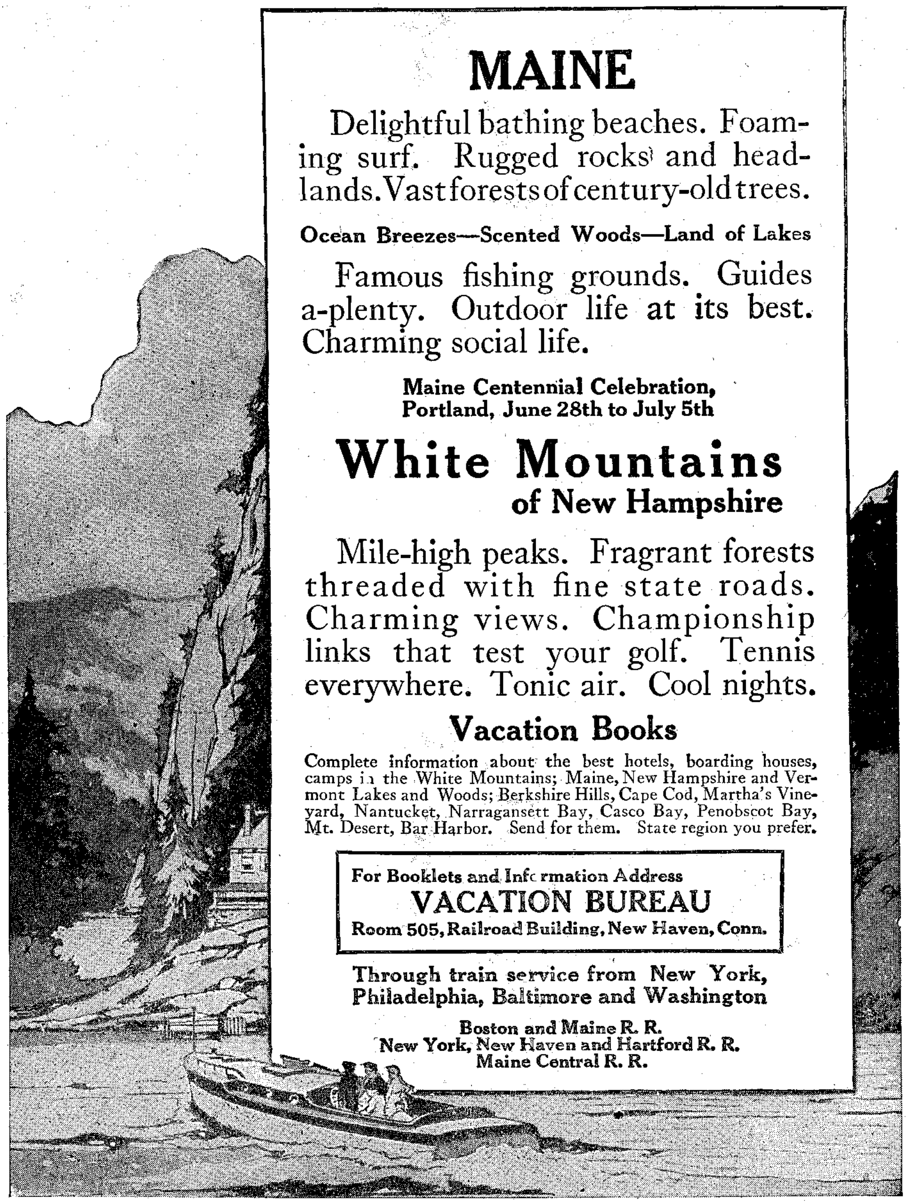


HELP WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Gentlewoman over 25 as governess to assist in care of three small children from 2½ to 6 years of age. Position to continue through the year if satisfactory. References required. Mrs. T. F. Bayard, 9 Red Oak Road, Wilmington, Del.

THE Edwards Teachers Bureau, Grand Cane, La., needs experienced teachers for remunerative positions. No position, no fee.

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools. Calls coming every day. Send for circulars. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

ESTERLY Agency wants teachers for California high schools, all subjects. Men, $1,800 - $2,500; women, $1,500 - $2,000. San Francisco.

TEACHERS WANTED—Men and women needed for attractive September openings, for all departments of high schools and colleges. Desirable salaries. Address The Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La.

TREMENDOUS demand for teachers—practically all subjects, all sections of the country—colleges, public and private schools. Ernest Olp, Steger Building, Chicago.

WANTED—Teachers all subjects. Good vacancies in schools and colleges. International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED — UNUSUAL POSITION in business or home. College woman of thirty, with ten years' remarkably successful experience in executive capacities. Will guarantee to make success of anything she tackles. Two years in France. Genius for salesmanship and for adapting herself to unpleasant circumstances. Wants hard proposition requiring tact and diplomacy. Prefers California. Interview New York or Chicago. 8,463, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

COLLEGE graduate, six years' experience secretary, ten high school teacher, wishes permanent position where efficiency and initiative are desired and compensated. 8,448, Outlook.

Professional Situations

SECRETARY, experienced, desires position, July, August, out of city. Best references. 8,539, Outlook.

ORDAINED Presbyterian minister, ten years' experience, will supply pulpit during July and August. 8,533, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COLLEGE senior wishes position for summer as nursery governess or companion. References. 8,461, Outlook.

WANTED—Position for summer for convalescent patient. Second year medical student. Address 2435 North College Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

REFINED, educated, musical young Swedish lady, graduate medical masseuse, speaks French, German, and English, traveled extensively in Europe, desires position as companion with gentlewoman. 8,537, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate, 1st Lt. F. A., discharged, would like to join party traveling in Europe as interpreter, etc. French linguist and acquainted with customs and characteristics of the French people. 8,536, Outlook.

WOMAN, mature in years but youthful in spirit, well recommended, desires position as hotel hostess or summer companion. Miss Lord, 8,534, Outlook.

ENGLISHWOMAN offers services during voyage for passage to England. Miss Bland, 1514 Green St., Philadelphia.

HOUSEKEEPER — Middle-aged gentlewoman (widow) seeks household management. Practical experience. Unusual credentials. 8,515, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

GENTLEWOMAN, experienced traveler, educated, cultivated, wide social experience, desires position as traveling companion, social secretary, or chaperon. Highest references given and required. 8,511, Outlook.

GOVERNESS—Educated American woman wishes position. Musical, trustworthy, and of good family. References and experience given. 8,516, Outlook.

TRAINED nurse with wide experience desires position, adults or child. Would travel. Highest references. 8,517, Outlook.

EDUCATED young woman of wide experience wishes position of responsibility in refined home as chaperon, housekeeper-companion, or other position where faithful executive ability is required. 8,528, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, experienced traveler, trained executive, would act as companion during summer to one or more girls on educational trip through West. Highest references. 8,527, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate, medical training, experienced nurse, as tutor, companion, nurse. 8,530, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

SPECIALLY trained, experienced teacher will tutor in college preparatory English or read aloud during vacation. 8,452, Outlook.

COLLEGE student desires position for summer as governess, tutor, or companion, Willing to travel. Excellent references. 8,469, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED home economics teacher and institutional manager wishes position in camp, or as companion. Best references. 8,506, Outlook.

UNIVERSITY instructor, age thirty-one, wishes position as tutor, companion, during summer. Speaks four languages. Four years in Europe. 8,518, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Teachers and Governesses

GENTLEWOMAN wants two children to care for in beautiful country home. $25 weekly each. 8,522, Outlook.

GRADE teacher will tutor child for home during summer. 8,523, Outlook.

TUTORING work for the summer wished by Princeton senior. Excellent references. 8,519, Outlook.

ART supervisor wishes summer employment connected with art or craft work. 8,520, Outlook.

WANTED—Two or three children to take to Europe by cultured young couple. England, Scandinavian countries, Germany, Switzerland, preferred. Wife former governess, husband manual arts teacher. L. A. Rall, Milpas, Santa Barbara, Cal.

YOUNG lady, private school teacher, desires summer tutoring. Will travel. Highest references. 8,526, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher wishes summer position as tutor, chaperon, companion, by July 20. Prepares for colleges. Connected with well-known boarding-school near New York. 8,525, Outlook.

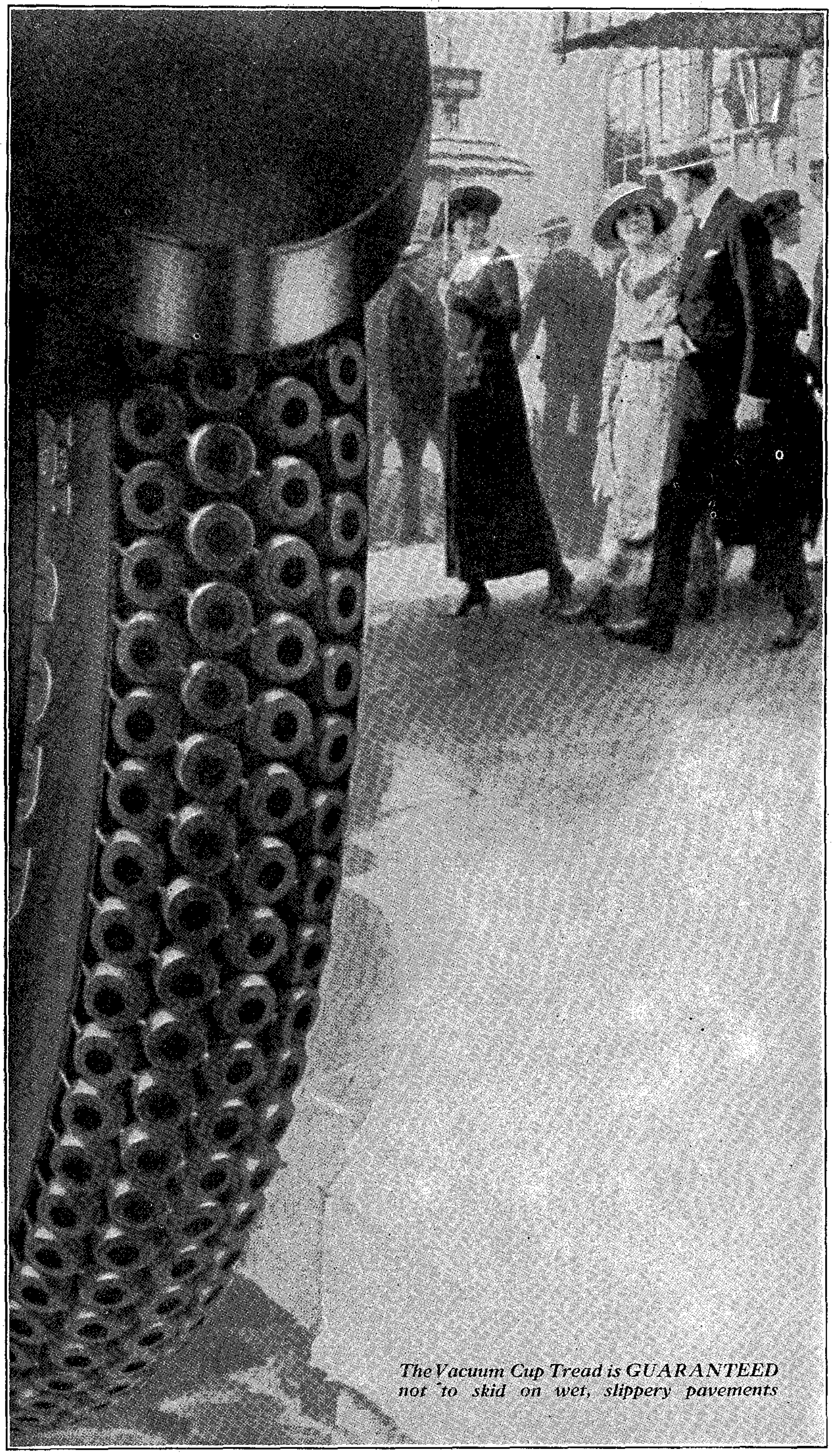
ENGLISH governess desires position in September in New York. Resident or non-resident. Montessori method. French. 8,532, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

MISS Guthman, New York shopper, will send anything on approval. Services free. References required. 309 West 99th St.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 44 West 22d St., New York.

"MENS sana in corpore sano" in the country. Board with private tutoring for college aspirants and conditioned students. Mathematics a specialty. 8,531, Outlook.


The Vacuum Cup Tread is GUARANTEED not to skid on wet, slippery pavements

Rev. HENRY G. BOWDEN, Secretary of The Men and Millions Movement, says—Hymns for Today Meets the Need of the Hour. Read his letter

"Dear Brother Fillmore: I have studied with great care your new book, 'Hymns for Today.' Let me say without reservation, it fills, from every standpoint, the need of the hour. It is just what its name implies, and more. These hymns of all kinds will go down in history as a godsend to the race. The arrangement from beginning to end is the best I have ever seen.

"May I not wish that 'Hymns for Today' will be the means of leading many souls to the feet of the Master? With deep appreciation of your good self and this great work, I am, Cordially and sincerely, Henry G. Bowden."

Cincinnati, Ohio, May 5, 1920.

"Hymns for Today," by J. H. Fillmore, contains 340 songs; Services for the various grades of Sunday School and Church; is bound in fine cloth, with gold stamp. Price $75 per 100. Sample copy sent for examination. Is orchestrated.

FILLMORE MUSIC HOUSE **530 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.**

BY THE WAY

France is to have paper currency for francs and half-francs, a despatch states. Silver coins of these denominations have completely disappeared; they were melted up for bullion during the Great War owing to the high price of silver. Thus history repeats itself, for Americans who remember Civil War times will recall the "shinplasters" of ten, twenty-five, and fifty-cent denominations that were current in this country for years after the war.

Stock expressions used by the busy reporter are sometimes meaningless. The "Journal" of the American Medical Association quotes this paragraph from the Chicago "Tribune" under the head "Try This on Your Lisper:"

> Ruth Helen was taken to the circus and was trying to take in the three rings and all that was going on. A man in a white coat passed and cried out: "Who wants ice-cream cones here? Who wants ice-cream cones?"
>
> "I do," lisped Ruth Helen, surprised that her tiny voice was the only one raised in response.

From the Boston "Globe:"

The Doctor—"You say your little boy has an abnormal appetite. In what way is it manifested?"

The Mother—"He's lost all desire for things that make him sick."

"Both ob dese here gents," said the witness, Mandy Thomas, as reported in a Southern paper, "was standin' at the corner conversin' with each other pretty hot an' pointed like." "Relate the conversation," said the prosecutor. "Ah don't remember it, sah," said Mandy, thoughtfully, "'cept dat dey was callin' each other what dey is."

"What this country needs," said Senator Harding recently, as reported in "Collier's," "is an employer and employee club. In Marion [Ohio] we have a club of this nature, and not long ago I was in the position of dining next to my own chauffeur. There will never be any 'capital and labor' problem between me and my chauffeur."

The New York "Evening Post's" column called "The Bowling Green" recently indulged in the frivolity of making puns on the names of the philosophers Lotze, Kant, and Spinoza. Some readers will recall that Coleridge reported one of these linguistic twists on Spinoza's name. It seems that both Coleridge and Wordsworth were at one time suspected of sedition by the English Government. A detective who was sent to shadow them reported that they were all right, however; but said that at first he thought they suspected him and would bear watching, because he often heard them talk of *Spy Nozy*, which he thought referred to himself, but he was finally convinced that "it was the name of a man who had made a book and lived long ago."

Dry days have come in California, as elsewhere. Otherwise the bursting of a keg of beer would not have a "scare head" in a local newspaper. The Napa (California) "Daily Register" puts this on its front page: "BEER BLOWS UP.—A keg of beer blew up at the local office of Wells Fargo. It caused a report that would have done justice to a dynamite bomb and sent forth into the heavens a fountain of foamy, creamy, amber-colored licker. It is said that some of the bystanders opened their mouths to take in as much as possible of the shower. The keg came to Napa by mistake. The empty keg was to-day forwarded to its destination, Nampa, Idaho."

The ex-Kaiser's clocks, with other reputed furnishings of his former palaces, have been sold at auction in New York City. "Had the sale been staged in Paris," says the New York "Sun and Herald," "the populace there could have been counted on for more action. In Paris, in 1914, as the train-loads of French soldiers pulled out of the station on the way, as they shouted, 'to Berlin,' all the women stopped their tears to cry, 'Fetch us back a clock.' This saying referred to a tradition of the War of 1870, for it is said that the Prussians at that time carried off all the French clocks. It is a mere coincidence, of course, but all of the Kaiser's clocks in this exhibition were French clocks!"

"Twenty-five automobiles were used to carry the floral offerings to Oakwoods Cemetery." So reads a newspaper despatch. These tributes were not the offerings of affection to a beloved minister or priest, a philanthropist or a statesman, but to Chicago's "Night Life King," who met his death by violence. No doubt elements of good must have entered into the mingled yarn of such a man's character, for great popularity usually comes only from the expression of the kindlier side of human nature.

"The Ramallah Company of Jerusalem and New York," says "Shipping," "recently shipped several motor trucks fitted with special omnibus bodies to accommodate twenty-five passengers, the first of their kind ever sent to Palestine." So the Holy City will soon begin to look like Fifth Avenue! The day of the camel is passing.

From "Kasper," of Stockholm, Sweden:

He—"I can't see why a man should marry when he can buy a parrot for fifty kroner!"

She—"You men are better off than we women. An ox would cost us many thousand kroner!"

From "Karikaturen," of Christiania, Norway:

"Thinking to frighten her toper husband, Olson's wife covers herself with a sheet and approaches his bed one night when he had come home specially late.

"Olson sits up in bed, gazes in wonder at the spook, and says: 'Who is that?'

"'I am a spirit!' comes the answer from the sheet.

"'Oh, that's all right then! I did have a fright! I thought it was my wife!'"

Apropos of the question of army discipline, "Hvepsen," of Christiania, prints this:

"Private No. 398 has neglected to salute Lieutenant Nebbesen. As punishment the lieutenant orders him to salute him two hundred times. While Private No. 398 is performing this refined punishment the captain comes up and asks the meaning of all this saluting. The lieutenant explains. 'Very good,' says the captain; 'but don't forget that it's your duty as an officer to reply to every one of the two hundred salutes.'"

From "Fliegende Blätter," of Munich:

"What will your wife take on her holidays?"

"A basket of linen, a box of clothes, five hats, her powder puff—and me."

Shave With Comfort

This new way saves time and bother

How Shavaid Helps the Lather

Men who for years have used the old ways of softening the beard, find Shavaid a positive revelation. They have abandoned hot towels and rubbing-in methods. They prefer this easy, quick, comfortable procedure.

Harsh shaving methods are unnecessary. Shavaid, the new scientific preparation which so many men are using today, has proved this. It is working a revolution in shaving methods.

A Shavaid shave is simplicity itself. It saves time—no hot towels, no rubbing. Just apply to the dry beard. Then apply your favorite lather. Then shave. That is all there is to it.

You will feel the cooling, soothing effect of Shavaid at once. It keeps the lather moist and creamy. The blade "takes hold" of perfectly softened hair. There is no "pull."

And afterwards, no need for lotions, creams or hot towels. After a close shave, your face will feel cool and comfortable—no smarting, no "drawn" sensation.

B&B

Shavaid

A Trial Tube will convince you. Ask your druggist for a free sample tube or buy a full size tube for 50c.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

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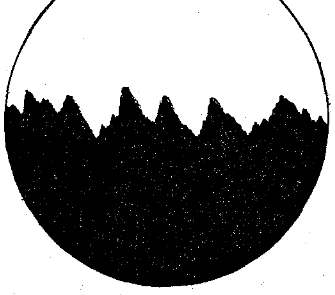
Loose Leaf
Recipe Books

THE National Loose Leaf Recipe Book is compact and easily handled. Every sheet lies flat and firmly in place. Pages can be removed or rearranged. Washable covers, in either White or Black Waterproof Texhide, over stiff boards. Indexed with 23 printed divisions.

The tables of standard abbreviations and of weights and measures given on the inside back cover were prepared by domestic science experts and will be found to be of great convenience in the kitchen. Every housekeeper should have a National Recipe Book in which to keep her "pet" recipes.

Send for free copy of "GOOD FORMS FOR BOOKKEEPERS"

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK CO., 20 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.



Razor blade magnified 1000 times

DON'T LET YOUR RAZOR ABUSE YOUR FACE

THE cutting edge of every razor—"ordinary" or "safety"—consists of microscopic teeth. Magnified 1000 times these teeth look like the teeth of a cross-cut saw. See illustration above.

Now rust forms on these teeth. This makes the blade dull—makes it "pull" and hurt your face.

You don't wipe any "safety" or "ordinary" razor blade dry enough to prevent this "surface rusting." Apply 3-in-One shaving oil before and after shaving. 3-in-One positively prevents rust on any metal.

This is the way to have a perfect shave: Moisten your thumb and forefinger with a few drops of 3-in-One. Draw razor blade between them. Then if an "ordinary" razor, strop in the usual way, first putting a few drops on the strop. You'll be surprised and delighted at the keen edge that comes so quickly and shaves so perfectly.

After shaving, be sure to repeat the oiling. That will absolutely prevent any rust forming between shaves. 3-in-One makes the razor slip over the face "slick and smooth." Also prevents the soap from burning or smarting after even a close shave. 3-in-One shaving oil has a delicate, agreeable odor.

You can get 3-in-One at any good drug, hardware or general store. East of the Rocky Mountain States, 15c, 30c and 60c in bottles; also in 30c Handy Oil Cans.

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3 IN 1
CLEANS · POLISHES
PREVENTS RUST
LUBRICATES
TYPEWRITERS
BICYCLES
GUNS
SEWING MACHINES
TALKING MACHINES
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A postal will bring you a generous free sample. Also the scientific "Razor Saver" circular. Write this very day and prove these things for your own self.

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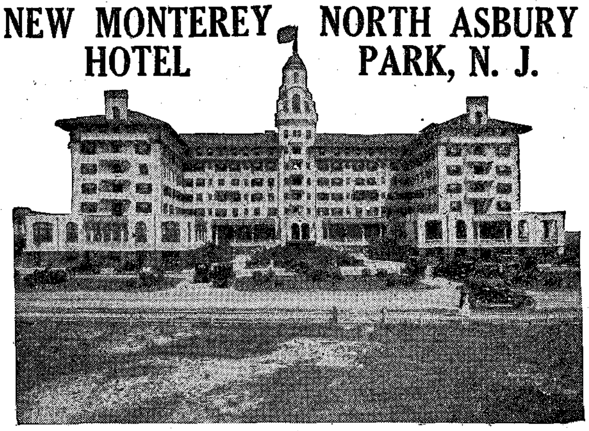

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The Outlook is anxious to secure for republication the most representative cartoons. We want the cartoons which appeal to our readers as vital expressions of popular movements and public opinion. Won't you help us in our effort to secure such cartoons by cutting out the strongest drawings of cartoonists in your local papers and pasting one of the attached coupons on the back of each clipping. Then send your selection to the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook.

The Outlook is equally anxious to secure unusual news photographs; photographs which cannot be secured from the commercial photographers. If you have any photographs of local objects or events which appeal to you as of more than local interest, we hope you, as a friend and reader of The Outlook, will send them along to the Photograph Editor of The Outlook. Fill out and attach a coupon to the back of each photograph you desire to submit.

As an experiment we propose publishing these photograph and cartoon coupons in successive issues of The Outlook for a period of some weeks. No cartoons or photographs will be considered which are sent to us otherwise than in accordance with this notice. We are forced to make this a rigid rule as only by this method can we assure to our readers and friends that their photographs will be properly cared for and their cartoons given attention in the order of their arrival. We will pay for such cartoons and photographs as we use in accordance with the agreements printed on the coupons.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK.
381 Fourth Ave., New York City

To the Cartoon Editor of The Outlook:

The attached cartoon is clipped from the .... of the following date.......................... If it is the first clipping of this cartoon to reach The Outlook and is considered worthy of republication, I will accept One Dollar as payment in full for my service in bringing this cartoon to the attention of The Outlook. I agree that if it does not meet the above conditions this cartoon will not be returned nor will its receipt be acknowledged.

Name..................................

Address..................................

To the Photograph Editor of The Outlook:

The attached photograph is the property of the undersigned and is submitted for publication in The Outlook. Postage is enclosed for its return if unavailable. It is my understanding that The Outlook agrees to pay $3 for this photograph if reproduced as a half-page cut, or smaller, and $5 if reproduced in larger size than a half page. Enclosed herewith is a brief account of the object or event depicted in the attached photograph, which The Outlook is at liberty to use as it sees fit. My name and address are as follows:

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